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"TOBACCO PLANT"

C.P.

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10 LORD NELSON STREET, LIVERPOOL,
1890

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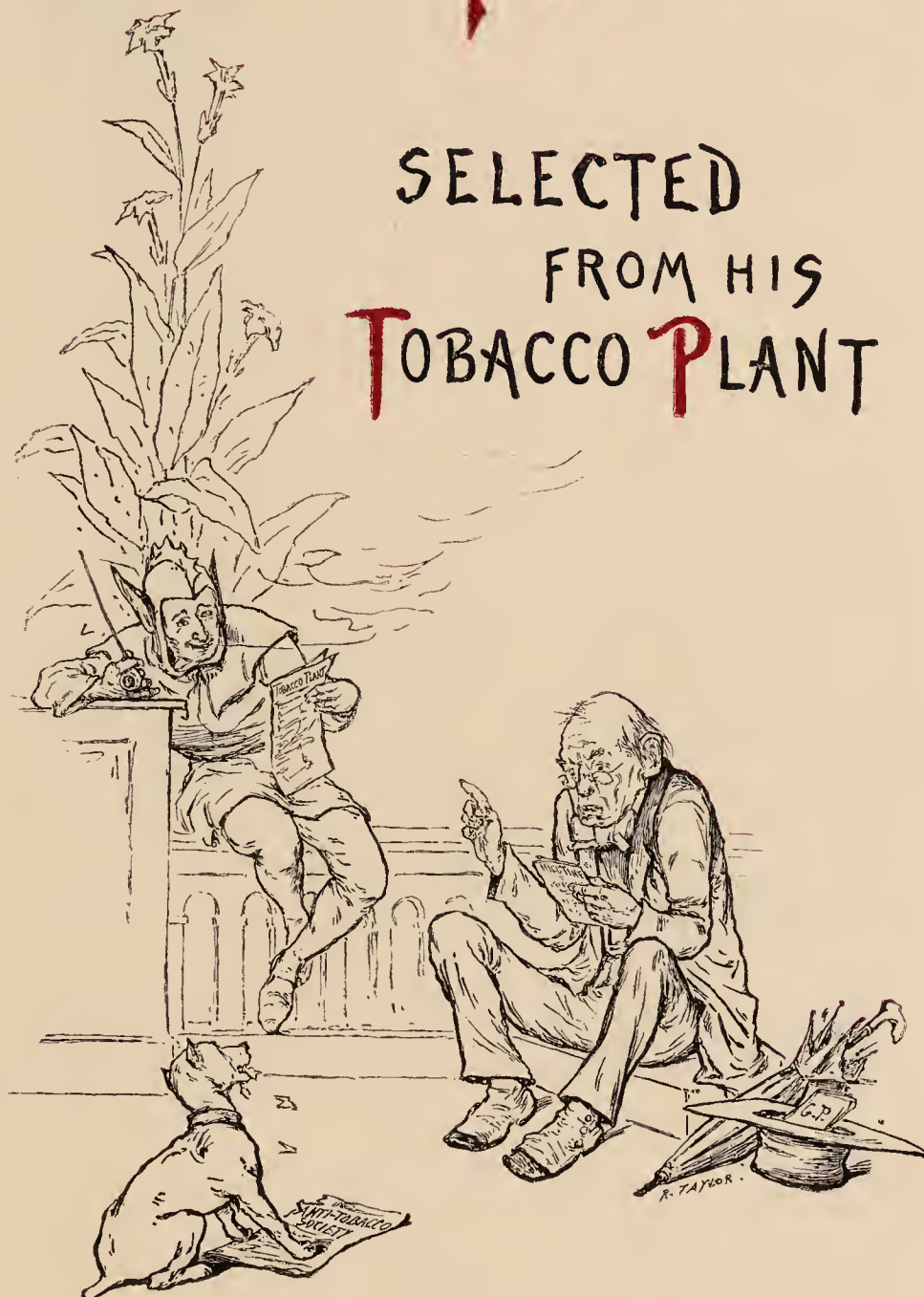
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"THE PIPE IS WHAT WE CARE FOR."

COPE'S MIXTURE

SELECTED
FROM HIS
TOBACCO PLANT



LIVERPOOL:

AT THE OFFICE OF "COPE'S TOBACCO PLANT."

1893.

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THE GENTLE ART

OF

MAKING ADVERTISEMENTS

*TO THE INTELLIGENT MANY
WHO HAVE SOOTHED THEIR LIVES BY
THE JUDICIOUS USE OF COPE'S MIXTURE*
IN THEIR PIPES, THIS ENLIVENING MIX-
TURE FOR THEIR MINDS*

IS INSCRIBED



* The first Smoking Mixture introduced to the Public. A real old-fashioned smoke. Familiar in their mouths as Household Words. Always alike. Always in condition. Always refreshing. Sold in Packets only by all Tobacconists.—ADVT.

THE GENTLE ART

OF

ADVERTISING.

THE papers which compose this *Booklet* have reference, for the most part, to events long past. They were of current and lively interest to the readers of *Cope's Tobacco Plant* during the years 1870 to 1880. Time has carried away some of that original interest, but in its place has given them this new and special value, that they relate to curious, out-of-the-way, and otherwise forgotten occurrences, as viewed from a contemporary standpoint; while the sprightly and incisive criticism, and the wit and humour—the work of a man of bright talent who died too early—which made them so acceptable then, are as fresh as ever now.

Next to setting a good example the best thing is to follow it. The Society Journal—that noble product of the age—adorns its pages with paragraph advertisements;

When doctors differ, take your own course and smoke Cope's Bristol Bird's Eye.—ADVT.

so do we adorn ours. We may yet see this admirable feature adopted for books also: "Edition de luxe, embellished with portraits, illuminated initials and—advertisements; the productions of the Kelsmcott press with notices of Cackle's pills and Crabapple's soap at the foot of the pages." While, however, we give honour to the Society paper for originating this idea, we claim to have made a distinct advance. Hitherto, no guarantee has been demanded from the advertisers, save and except that the bills would be paid, and none has been given to the public as to the quality of the articles advertised or the truthfulness of the advertisements. We give such a guarantee. Every article advertised in this *Booklet* is of unrivalled excellence and is indispensable to every well regulated family circle.

And now, ye Elderly Smokers, for a final puff. Cope's Cigars and Cigarettes are made by English girls, the sisters or sweethearts of your sons.

Dickens delighted a world with "Our Mutual Friend." So have Cope's. It's flavour is superb. Sold in 1 oz. packets.—ADVT.





COPE'S MIXTURE;

OR THE

GENTLE ART OF ADVERTISING.

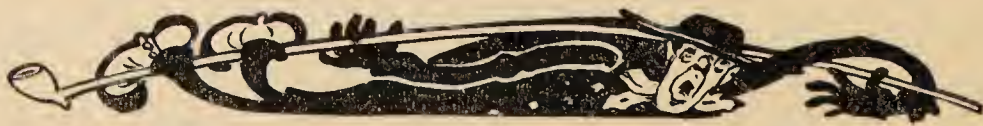


“What Tobacco has done for the Human Race” is a fine heading for a paragraph, and would be a respectable title even for a volume. A very pretty volume might be constructed out of the materials which would appropriately range themselves under such a title; and every page and line of it would be full of human interest. It is not all summed up in the two romantic incidents for which it was made to do duty in an American paper the other day. I am not at present disposed to controvert the statement that “A Vermont farmer who was attacked by a bear dosed Bruin’s eyes with fine cut, and thus saved his life.” The only question I should be disposed to raise upon that episode is—Which was the greater bear of the two? It was not gentlemanly on the part of the Vermont farmer; and in the land of six-shooters and bowie-knives I fancy he would have hesitated to bestow his “fine cut” upon anybody better able to take care of himself. There is a good old story of an Irish emigrant out West, who met a bear in the forest and treated him differently. Bruin had espied or scented the Hibernian from afar, and was advancing towards him, erect upon his hind legs.

TWO SHILLINGS REWARD.—MISSING, an old gentleman; was last seen at a Tea Meeting with a collecting box: said box has also disappeared. Height, five feet two inches; bald head; whiskers thin; marked on the nose with gin cold. Will be known by his likeness to Ally Sloper, Esq., and his confirmed habit of trying to beg a pipe full of “Cope’s Mixture.”—Please communicate to Blue-bottle and Doorkey, Lincoln’s Inn.—ADVT.

“Mornin’ to yer honour,” was the salutation addressed to him by Paddy; who somewhat bewildered by the mixture of red-skins, and negroes, and half-castes he had lately met, assumed that his new acquaintance was but another strange variety of the human species. Bruin, approaching, clasped him to his breast. “Faith!” cried Paddy, “but it’s a warm-hearted gintleman ye are, wid a warrm coat of yer own, for sure.” A closer hug changed the current of his reflections. “Bedad, but it’s a sthrong imbracer ye are; and—och, murther!—more polite than comfortable! Lave off, if ye plaze, sorr, or I’ll be kilt! Is it deaf ye are? or only cowl? or bo-ath? Arrah! ye murtherin’ villin, an’ ye’ll not le’ goa av me, I’ll be com-pelled to put the knife intro ye? D’ye hear me, at all? There, now—och, by the holy St. Patrick!—the saints be mar-ciful! but I’ve murthered the gintleman!” And down went Bruin, with Paddy’s knife thrust through his heart; while Paddy, remorseful, went off to the nearest settlement with the mournful confession that he’d “killed a koind-hearted gintleman” in the agonies of an unlooked-for hugging.

I’m rather more dubious about the second instance adduced by the American journalist. A “Colorado man,” he says, “chased by wolves, was saved by his ‘plug,’ which he threw in front of the bloodthirsty animals. They devoured it at once, got sick; and he escaped.” It is not that I doubt the sequence of the story. If the wolves “got sick,” no doubt the Colorado man escaped; and unquestionably they would “get sick,” one and all, and rapidly—and seriously—if they swallowed the Colorado man’s “plug.” And, further, they *would* swallow his “plug,” or his boots, or his infants, or his manuscript music, or his latest edition of a New York paper, or whatever else that might be hardest to swallow, and that he might find it convenient to fling down to delay their swift pursuit. We have stories enough of belated travellers on the Russian steppes to warrant that conclusion; but the doubt arises on the other point—whether there are any possible circumstances under which



a Colorado man would part with his "plug." I confess I don't see my way to such an admission. The Roman soldier might desert his post, a Philadelphia lawyer give up his argument, a bumbailiff surrender his prey; but a Colorado man part with his "plug?" There must be an error. It may be an unintentional error; but probabilities are against the strict accuracy of the narrative.

SOLE LEATHER.



I have my doubts about the world's growing better. It's all very well to talk about Geneva crosses and "Don't-

beat-your carpets" associations; but what about that Vicksburg grocery clerk who sold a lump of sole-leather painted black, to "an old chap from back in the country," for chewing-Tobacco? My heart bleeds when I read of that old man's sufferings; and, though there has been no curdling of the milk of human kindness in my bosom yet, I hope your readers' hearts will bleed too, when they learn the story:—

"At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store, he inquired of the clerk: 'Member that Terbacker I got here the other day?' 'Yes.' 'Well, was that a new brand!' 'No—same old brand.' 'Regular plug Terbacker, was it?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, it's me; it's right here in my jaws,' sadly replied the man. 'I knowed I was gettin' purty old, but I was allus handy on bitin' plug. I never seed a plug afore this one that I couldn't tear to pieces at one chaw. I sot my teeth on to this one, and bit and pulled and twisted like a dog at a root, and I've kept biting and pulling for six days, and thar she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me.' 'Seems to be good plug,' remarked the clerk, as he smelled of the counterfeit. 'She's all right; it's me that's failing!' exclaimed the old man. 'Pass me out some fine-cut, and I'll go home, and deed the farm to the boys, and get ready for the grave!'"

It would be well if that Vicksburg clerk could suffer such punishment as befel the son of Arsène Houssaye, at the tender age of eleven. The cheery correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from his beloved Paris in August, tells his sorrows thus:—

"France is taking its vacation, and enjoying the delight of

If you can't do without Tobacco, why not get the Best? GOLDEN CLOUD is the Best.—ADVT.

children out of school. The deputies are beating up the country to secure their re-election; and the students are betaking themselves to the fields to perfume their Latin, and to forget, in the fruitful presence of Nature, the sterile culture of Greek roots. My second son, eleven years old, did not wait for the vacation to begin his truancy, and so did not bring home any laurels from the Lyceum of Henry IV. Once he was severely called to order for having 'introduced smoking Tobacco into the school;' a second time for 'having introduced snuff.' This was very grave; for, upon a signal given by him, sixty gamins of his age sneezed vociferously in the face of their master. He was therefore placed outside of competition."



"Outside of competition" is where the grocery clerk, ought to be, in all future struggles for the United States' Presidency and for the moral pre-eminence of man. An American paper believes "there is only one occasion when a man's entire thoughts are focussed on his face, and that is when he is pulling on an extinguished cigar to see if it is really out;" but I imagine the "entire thoughts" of that "old chap from back in the country" were pretty correctly "focussed on his face" when he "sot" his teeth on that bit of sole-leather. And yet, what good thing can be expected from a country where such atrocities as the following are not considered "outside of competition?"—

"A cigar manufacturer has entered the political field in Dubuque as a candidate for alderman. He is said to have some very strong 'backers.—[*Com. Adv.*] And his friends are puffing him a good deal, we suppose.—[*New Haven Journal.*] And he'll take the 'stump,' of course.—[*Boston Post.*] But, really, where can he find his match?—[*Hartford Times.*] He would try a fresh brand, concha see?—[*Norwich Bulletin.*]"

GOOD MANNERS.

Of course, good manners cannot be looked for amongst smokers. The *Globe's* Paris correspondent relates that when Carpeaux, the great sculptor, who died the other day, was a young and promising student at Rome, he tried "Dutch courage" at a Ministerial dinner, and horrified the polite company by pulling



out and puffing away at "Stéphanie," his favourite pipe. The same monster of Bohemian atrocity is recorded to have smoked his pipe in the faces of a deputation of young ladies, while they were presenting an address of admiration upon his return to his native town of Valenciennes. Neither genius nor benevolence could atone for such sins as these; and it is evident from an episode in the career of a nameless New Yorkian, just brought to light, that vileness of similar blackness is eating "like a cankerworm" into the vitals of American society:—"He was smoking a cigar on a car where there were ladies. A lady took out her purse, got ten cents, and handed it to the smoker. 'What's this for?' said he. 'It's to buy you a good cigar when you smoke in the presence of ladies.' He threw the cigar out of the window, the cents in the lady's lap, jerked the strap, and jumped out."

THE SHODDY MAN.

If Jay Charlton's biographical sketches of his fellow-countrymen may be relied upon, America's hope of an ameliorated future is to be derived from the Anti-Tobaccoites, and those who use Tobacco as a snare for the trapping of genuine smokers. There appear to be two men in existence who may yet save Columbia from the moral poison of Nicotine. Who has not heard of A. T. Stewart, the "shoddy-man" *par excellence*, the prince of army contractors, the millionaire with marble palaces? Jay Charlton says he is talked of as a "generous man;" that he has devoted his life to crushing-out his rivals in trade; that he will ruin the market for calico, for the sake of the sixteenth of a cent per yard; that, though "there are no doubt cases where he has compensated people when he did not have to," his familiar nicknames are "skinflint" and "old three millions a year;" and that when, one morning, he carried a cigar into his store and asked if any of his clerks had a match, and several of these gentlemen offered him matches, he promptly discharged them for having such dangerous things in

TESTIMONIAL.—

Dear Sir,—I was dying of yellow fever, blue-devils, mosquito-bites, and general and special debility, when I heard of Cope's 'Mixture.' Merely hearing of it cured me. Send me a ton by Parcel Post. Make what use you like of this.—ADVT.

their possession. A man who can entrap the evil-doer in this smart style may save his country yet. But if Stewart can't do it, Marshall Rynders will. I should think he is the sort of man whose presence in Gomorrah would have averted destruction from that doomed city. He used to organise political torchlight processions for the Democrats, and break up the public meetings of their rivals, the Republicans. "He is five feet eight; a thin, cadaverous looking jockey. Not a bit of fat on him. Such a man as you would hate at first sight." "He talks loudly. When any one is within a hundred feet of him, there is no use of speaking." "The first thing he says is that he has no vices." "He does not smoke, chew, or drink; and he is never tired of saying so; but he says so with the most unearthly oaths you ever heard." "He swears and curses and dirtily blasphemes; is the greatest old blackguard in the country; never drinks, or chews, or smokes; the dirtiest-tongued, smallest-minded man of the century; and he used to manage Tammany Hall." Yet, so blinded are men to their true interests, that, with Marshall Rynders, alive in the land, the *Danbury Newsman* is not ashamed to say—"What this country really needs is a good five-cent cigar!"

HE SHOT A *CHERUBIM*.

The gentleman described in the following paragraph was well acquainted with Connecticut cigars, in the days when he was unreformed:—

"Thrilling stories were told by reformed drunkards at Mr. Moody's temperance meeting in Chicago, last Thursday. One of the witnesses stated that he had been drinking for 13 years, and had not stopped longer than six months at a time. He had taken the oath time after time. He had gone before a justice of the peace, and had signed the pledge with his own blood, drawn from his arm by a penknife. He had sworn not to drink for a year, under the penalty that he was to be sent to the penitentiary as a perjured man. He had broken the oath, and only escaped the penitentiary by stepping out of town. He had committed every crime but murder. He had broken up half-a-dozen happy homes. Two years ago he had married a Christian girl, and made her life miserable. He had seen her walking about the house with only one shoe, and with



tattered clothes, and even then he stole the little change there was in her pocket and spent it for drink. Four weeks ago he had wandered into the Tabernacle, and he knew that now his sins were forgiven. He had lost his appetite not only for drink but for Tobacco."



What I mean is this:—That the gentleman would have found his varied *lâches* incompatible with an "appetite" for true Tobacco; and that the abandonment of Connecticut brands would just about match the strength of his self-reforming strength of mind. His notions of Tobacco were probably as hazy as his conceptions of religion; and these seem to be on a par with the ideal of the angelic Orders formed by the twa laddies who, when out a-gunning, shot a white owl. Gazing on the stricken bird, "so sprawled in the grass as to present to view only a head with staring eyes, and a pair of wings attached," one of them cried to the other—"We're in for it now, Jock; we've shot a cherubim!" There is much of the spirit of Brother Higgins about in the world. Brother Higgins took his fighting dog with him to a camp-meeting; and while the good brother was exhorting, the faithful hound got a-fighting with another of his tribe. Deacon Thompson contrived to stop the fight by spitting in the eye of Brother Higgins's dog. "'But I just want to say,' continued Mr. Higgins, 'that outside of the sanctuary that dog of mine can eat up any salmon-coloured animal in the State, and then chaw up the bones of his ancestors for four generations without turning a hair! You understand me.' Then the services proceeded." A dog with an eye like Brother Higgins's dog's eye would be invaluable in the circumstances indicated in this paragraph (which, I need hardly say, comes from the same fertile country):—UNCOMFORTABLE.—To be caught in a splendid parlour with a big wad of Tobacco in one's mouth, and no place to spit." Splendid "parlours," however, are not the only places where a man's Tobacco may get him into difficulty. To illustrate the fact, read this:—DEFICIENT ACCOMMODATION.—"Taking his cigar out of his



STARTLING NEWS.—As Mother Sniggle was walking out one day discovering things, she met one of her old patients looking better than ever. "Ah, ah," said the old lady smiling, "still take my mixture, I suppose?" "No!" said he, with a wink, "I take Cope's now."—ADVT.

mouth, the minister said to one of his parishioners, fond of sleeping in sermon time: 'There is no sleeping car on the road to heaven.' 'And no smoking car either, I reckon,' said the man, in reply, now wide awake." If that drowsy philosopher was anywhere near the truth, there ought to be a place on the heavenward tramway for the street car conductor who lately delivered his soul in the formula—"If you want to smoke in this car, you must put out your cigar, or else get off right away." I don't remember a case in which it was more necessary to remember the excellent rule that a man should be judged by the spirit, rather than by the letter, of his utterances.

WIDOW BROOKS, OF ROCKINGHAM.

It is well that one's pet passion should now and then be moderated, even when it happens to be the adoration of the magical herb, and the check is painful. How pleasant is it to dream fondly that the common love of Tobacco begets a spiritual freemasonry in human hearts! But it is possible to presume too confidently upon that cheering fancy. Take the late Parisian incident of the "purchaser" of cigarettes who found he had "forgotten his purse;" and, excusing himself, "offered to return the cigarettes." This was the ensuing dialogue:—

TOBACCONIST: "No, sir, you can pay me another time."

PURCHASER: "*Merci!*" Then I inspire you with confidence?"

TOBACCONIST: "Oh! it is such a trifling sum."

It is needful to take heed, lest, in a world where motives are so "mixed," we ascribe to Charity what is due to Contempt.

Nevertheless, Tobacco has its virtues—even on the muscles of the ladies who work in its manufacture. An Anti-Tobaccoite lecturer, bent on proving the debilitating influence of the Weed, would find the Widow Brooks, of Rockingham, a tough subject. I have it on the authority of the *Raleigh Observer* that, while the widow was out in the barn, stripping Tobacco, Doc Horton arrived to



test the question whether he or she could bear the palm at wrestling. The results are chronicled as follows ;—



“ ‘Good morning, Mrs. Brooks; my name is Horton: I’ve come over to rassle with you.’ ‘Sir, do you mean to insult me?’ asked the widow. ‘Not at all, ma’am,’ said Doc; ‘but I’ve thrown the crack rasslers in this country, and I ain’t goin’ to have it said a woman can throw me, so cut your capers!’ and Doc reached out for an under holt and made for the widow. A bulk of Tobacco laid near the door; and as Doc ambled up, the widow seized him by the coat collar with one hand and the hip of the pants with the other, and she dashed him head-foremost over the Tobacco, flat on his back to the floor. As soon as breath returned Doc crawled out to get his horse, the widow merely saying to the hands: ‘Don’t stand lookin’ at that fool; go on with your bizniss.’ She’s there yet, and makes the best Tobacco in Rockingham.”

CARLYLE MAUDLIN.



One of the most extraordinary mixtures of the adulterated sort with which I have made acquaintance recently concerns the veteran Tobaccoite philosopher at Chelsea—Thomas Carlyle. Most newspaper readers have seen the letter ascribed to him the other day by certain newspapers; but all those who read it don’t know that it was spurious, and few know its origin. A Yankee interviewer in London, who scrapes up personalities in Europe for the enrichment of the *Hartford Courant*, professed to report certain sayings which had been dropped by the Sage in the free confidence of a friendly conversation. The style of the historian of Frederick the Great was smartly imitated; but the imitator succumbed to the ordinary folly of his tribe—exaggeration. He made him describe three generations of Darwins as “atheists all,” and travestie the teachings of one of the most modest and painstaking seekers after truth this century has known. He made him libel the whole generation of reading and thinking men and women to which he himself belongs. Imagine Carlyle maudlin in this wise:—



“A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah! it is a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pre-

tence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got. All things from frog sprawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes—‘What is the great end of man? To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever.’ No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside.”



This is what comes of filtering the wisdom of Herr Teufelsdröckh through the muddy brains of a newspaper scavenger. But, in the interests of true religion, the editor of a Scotch paper carried the fraud a little further. He turned this self-convicted paragraph into “a letter from Mr. Carlyle to a Friend;” and in this guise it went the round of the periodical press of this country. Regarded as a testimony to the infallible truth of the Catechism, it became itself a fair specimen of “the gospel of dirt.” The advertiser of a quack pill would hardly stoop to the meanness of the pious editor, who thus slandered Carlyle by making him the mouther of an ignorant libel, in order to glorify a creed. And how soothing is the picture we get of the honour and peace which attend the last days of the sturdy Thinker of whom all English-reading men have reason to be proud! Because he is great, forsooth! an impertinent eavesdropping Yankee scribbler may lie as he listeth about the words that drop in courteous indulgence from the great man’s lips, in the privacy of his own room; and the organs of the “unco’ guid” may add a lie to make the first lie tell. There is no “Mixture” I should better like to “smoke,” with the pillory for a pipe, than the compounded relics of this well-matched pair of public malefactors!

The tale of Tobacco’s triumphs is not yet made up. I would have said the “Pigtail,” but you might have suspected me of a pun; especially as the latest contribution I have received is a tale of “Pigtail.” Captain J. E.



Davis, R.N., F.R.G.S., is a salt with a kindlier appreciation of the narcotic weed than had Commander March. The captain was lecturing at Manchester the other night about Arctic Exploration, and he said that much of the success of Captain Parry's famous expedition was owing to the fact that Parry took with him a quantity of Pigtail. This, he said, "was measured out to the men, so many inches apiece, every morning and every night. Captain Parry himself was not a smoker, but he took his share of the Pigtail the same as all the rest; and he (Captain Davis) could assure them that Pigtail did more to spur the men on to work diligently in the very difficult enterprise on which they had entered than all the bullying which could have been accomplished." There is not much difficulty in believing this. Tobacco is a grand civiliser. I learn from the *Islington Gazette* that Bumble has been humanised, and even Bounderby is giving way. The poor-law guardians of the parish which Goldsmith made famous by his "Elegy on a Mad Dog" have positively allowed an old pensioner to keep some of his own money to buy Tobacco with. The old soldier has carried his shilling a-day to the workhouse, where it more than pays for his modest board; and to the amazement of the worldlings and the horror of the philanthropists, he has been suffered to appropriate his surplus to his one darling vice. The Government is expected to interfere. Nobody in Islington feels quite safe. There are people who think the incident accounts for the extra number of Cabinet Councils that have been held lately; and the knowing ones believe we shall "hear something" as soon as the Admiralty has completed the destruction of the Fleet, and the Great Powers have done smoking Turkey. Meanwhile, the old soldier puffs at his pipe, and "shows how fields were won," amidst clouds more peaceful than those under which he earned his medals and his pension. *Vivat Nicotiana!*

THE ABUSE OF TOBACCO.

A polite railway conductor objected to the presence of a "gentleman and lady, elegantly dressed," in one

PROPERTY of a gentleman going abroad for the benefit of his neighbours.—To be disposed of, a few shattered hopes, two and a-half carat; some morbid inclination, brand uncertain; and a complete set of the "Anti-Tobacco Journal." Will take a keg of "Cope's Mixture" in exchange,—ADVT.

of the smoking-cars on a Pennsylvania line lately. He intimated his opinion that there was a mistake. The elegantly dressed gentleman retorted, "Well, sir, whose business is it? Don't I smoke? And don't my wife smoke? And ain't this a smoking-car?" A moment later, the man handed a cigar-case to his wife, who with her delicate fingers selected a dark-coloured Havana, and the next both were puffing away, seemingly as contented as wood-choppers. The couple were spiritual mediums. Your readers will catch my meaning: I don't see any abuse of Tobacco in its being smoked by elegantly dressed people, of either sex; but I object to its being suspected of aiding and abetting "spiritual mediums." There is, nevertheless, always this comfort about Tobacco: even its abuse is turned to good by the magical virtue innate in the weed. How ineffably beautiful is the proof of this elevating power afforded by the striking domestic episode with which I conclude!—

"Mother, I will chop all of your wood, run all your errands, hold all your yarn, say my prayers every night, and do everything else to make this world seem like a Paradise to you, if you will only let me go and put a nose on Tommy Nibs, who squirted Tobacco juice all over my new white vest last Sunday.' His mother gave him her blessing, and he went forth to seek his victim."

REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

It is not likely that Mr. Spurgeon will trouble himself any more with these buzzing flies; but another manly Baptist, whom the working-men of England know as one of their truest and heartiest friends—the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown—has taken Mr. Moody and some of his very earnest but not altogether clear-sighted co-operators to task for a few of the extraordinary opinions they expressed at the Liverpool convention. In "Plain Talk," Stowell Brown says:—

"A reverend gentleman denounced the wickedness of smoking. Does he think that by putting the working





man's pipe out he will bring him to church? 'It seemed to him that one of the curses of the Church of Christ in the present day was smoke.' In this we quite agree with him; only the smoke which we feel to be a curse to the Church is not the smoke of Tobacco, but the smoke—the thick fog of obscure and dull theology—that comes from so many pulpits. In this sense many ministers are unfortunately smokers, and very heavy smokers; but we cannot think that the anti-Tobacco crusade, however successful in persuading the working men to give up the poisonous weed, would bring a solitary individual of them to hear the Gospel. We are not prepared to advocate such an imitation of the 'Free-and-Easy in religious meetings as should permit the men to bring their pipes with them and smoke; but we do say, in all seriousness, that, to many, such a freedom might be an attraction. In open-air meetings we have preached to scores of men who smoked a great part of the time; and who, we think, would not have come near us had it been understood that the practice was forbidden."



These words have the true ring of that plain common-sense which is Stowell Brown's greatest and most honourable title to fame. Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at a recent conference in Washington, called the attention of ministers to the fact that there were no spittoons in the church; and said there ought to be none in any church—if any of the brethren were so in love with Tobacco as to make them chew in church, they should make spittoons of their hats. I wonder if that bishop thinks cleanliness has any relation to godliness. These people go on the principle which actuated the Leith magistrates a few days ago, when they fined a set of men £100 each and costs for being in the same ship with some smuggled Tobacco. The poor fellows had not smuggled—or touched—the Tobacco; but they were in the same boat with it—and must suffer.

"It was not a torpedo, as first supposed, that the Rev. Mr. Butt sat down upon in the Rochester Osburn House, last evening, but a lighted cigar stump." Well, I really

don't see the difference. The attempt to indicate it seems to me a mere refinement of distinction. The reverend victim must have felt very much like a torpedo himself; and if he didn't blow up, there is something of heavenly calm in that man's nature. There was another minister who had need of some such sustaining influence at Hartford lately. He performed the marriage ceremony for two young people, who started for Europe immediately afterwards. Very soon after the beginning of the voyage, the bridegroom found in his pocket the \$100 note he had intended for the minister's fee. When the honeymoon, or moons, came to an end, and the happy pair got home, the young man went and asked the clergyman how about the fee. "My friend," said the reverend gentleman, "I received at your marriage a very small quantity of fine-cut chewing Tobacco, folded in a very small piece of paper." But such placidity is not always available when a man puts his smoking or chewing materials in the wrong place. The *Burlington Hawk-Eye* gives a melancholy example of the effect produced by such carelessness in combination with an absence of the seraphic temperament in woman. The narrative runs as follows:—

"A villain of a North Hill man, who was set to stirring the mince meat because his wife was busy, dropped a paper of fine cut into the delightful mess, whilst he was stealthily trying to take a chew. After scalding all his fingers dreadfully by making ineffectual dives after his lost treasure, he let it go and stirred it. Then he astonished his wife and family by declining mince pie, and he was, by a singular coincidence, the only member of that family who didn't remark that 'it tasted awful queer,' and who was not subsequently tormented with the belief that the mince meat was poisoned. They threw the mince meat away, and the man told the story down town, and it got around to his wife; and now there is a man on North Hill who props his hat up on three lumps every time he puts it on, and would as lief eat a percussion cartridge as take a chew of Tobacco within a block of his happy home."

Those domestic passages are always so touching. The *Leaf* has something to say about one of them. It seems that "Old Mrs. Duflicker stated to a neighbour the other night, while comfortably sitting in front of the fire, that she had 'allers had a great notion to learn to smoke,' she



did so love the aroma of Tobacker. She added:—"I would hev learned long ago, dear knows, but I heerd wunst that a man had his tongue paralyzed by smoking," and that skeered me out. Lord knows I wouldn't want my tongue paralyzed, for I couldn't talk none ef it was." Here the old gentleman, who had been silently gazing into the fire, drew a long sigh. There's no telling what the old fellow was thinking about—no." If he hadn't been a wise man he would have told her. But he knew what so many married people forget: that husbands and wives cannot always see things from precisely the same point of view. The *Reynolds Herald* indulged in a profound reflection bearing on this point the other week:—"When a man becomes the father of a twelve-pound girl, and calico is only seven cents a yard, he can well afford to smoke thirteen cigars a day. It's different with a woman."

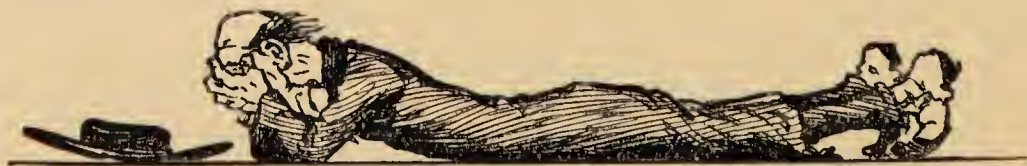
WILKIE COLLINS'S CONUNDRUM.

"If a man doesn't smoke, what is he to do with his spare time?" and the New York *Tobacco Leaf* answers—"Give it to the poor, of course." But the poor have often more spare time of their own than they know what to do with; and some people have so much that they would have to cart it away, if they couldn't use it up themselves. An Edinburgh paper makes Mr. Disraeli responsible for a striking example of smoking, where there does not seem to have been any time to spare:—"The most luxurious smoker I ever knew was a young Bohemian, who told me that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the first thing in the morning, and that he smoked it out before he awoke. 'It is so pleasant,' he observed, 'to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its wants.'" There is, after all, an appalling amount of anxiety attendant on this habit of smoking. "Will this pipe smoke free?" was the inquiry of a purchaser. The vendor with a heartlessness suggestive of what Sidney Smith used to call a "a grammar-shop," answered—"Of course it will, if you can get your Tobacco for nothing." But if the humble-minded pipe-smoker must such "fardels bear," neither is the aspiring consumer of cigars exempt from "the whips and scorns

of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," "the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." There is a literary martyr in Logansport, who knows this all too well. He edits the *Pharos* of that city; and he writes:—"Our exchanges have a great deal to say about 'editorial ability.' What a country editor really needs is the ability to live on four shillings per week and smoke his own cigars." The thought of the number of cigars that hapless man has to accept from his neighbours, and the number of editorial puffs they expect to get out of them, makes the heart sad."

FOR THE SAKE OF TOBACCO.

Men will do things for the sake of Tobacco scarcely to be predicated of them with any other inducement. That comical old sea-dog, Charley Napier, according to the *Naval and Military Gazette*, adopted a curious expedient for securing his 'Baccy once upon a time. He had bought some snuff, before he found he had no money in his pocket; and the seller, who didn't know him, declined to trust. "I am Admiral Sir Charles Napier," said he. "How do I know that you are?" asked the tradesman. "Confound it, I tell you who I am, and you won't believe me. Give me the packet at once." "No, sir, not unless you pay me." The old hero, we are told, "suddenly thought of a convincing proof; and unbuttoning, he hauled out the tail of a nether garment, and, turning it over, triumphantly pointed out the name—'Charles Napier, R.N.'" After that he got his packet of snuff; and I am inclined to think that if the Government had stopped the Tobacco supply when he went to the Baltic, and old Charley had had news of good snuff inside Cronstadt, he would have kept that grand promise of his—to be in Cronstadt or in hell within a month—which he failed so miserably to perform in 1854. A man went to see a friend who edited a paper down in Wisconsin lately, and found another instance of devotion. "This is a mighty dull town," said he. "Yes, it is horrible," said



the editor. "And it seems to be very sickly." "Yes, every third inhabitant is down with some disease." "And there isn't enough business here to keep a dog alive, is there?" "Well, no, there isn't." "Then, for God's sake, what do you stay here for?" "Well," replied the editor, "you can't call this town any name too mean for it, and you could hang every man in town without satisfying justice, but still I love the place, William—they give such down weights on quinine and plug Tobacco!" That man loved his chew, and risked the fever. Tobacco is a great consoler. Here's a confab of parting friends, down in Ole Virginny:—"Percy, this parting seems like it's mighty hard." "Oh, it's a heap worse than hard, Plantagenet—it's bitter, it's bitter." "Have you any last request to make?" "Yes," said Percy, with tears in his eyes, "give me a chew of Tobacco." I hear another good story from "ober dere;" and with it this "Mixture" will be mixed: "'Have you any five-cent cigars?' asked an impecunious-looking fellow of an East side, Oswego, Tobacco man. 'Yes,' replied the Tobacconist, and he placed a handful on the show-case for the man—whose clothing showed he had squandered his summer, if not earnings—to select from. Running his eye over the lot and without being satisfied, he asked for ten-cent ones. The latter did not tickle his fancy, and, assuming the airs of an Astor, he boldly inquired for fifteen-cent ones. Selecting one, he poised it between his fingers, and, with the tone of a played-out life insurance solicitor, asked—'Would you take a man's last cent for a cigar?' The unsuspecting merchant replied that he would, and that settled the bargain, for the customer placed one cent on the show-case, bit the small end of the Havana, applied the torch, and leisurely strolled out, puffing his high-toned cigar." The triumph of virtuous poverty over the spirit of sordid and exacting trade gladdens the heart.

Old Jove was once sipping his nectar ripe,
 When Hermes the Wise came in with a pipe:
 "What's in that?" said the god,
 With a somnolent nod—
 "A new weed from earth, as ambrosia nice,
 Which all care will soothe,
 Make the roughest things smooth,
 And put you all right in a trice."

COPE'S MIXTURE.—The First Smoking Mixture introduced to the Public.
 Sold everywhere.—ADVT.

DANIEL DREW'S SAFE.

If correct orthography were essential to success in life, Daniel Drew—"Uncle Daniel" as they have been used to calling him in Wall street—would never have endowed the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, with fifty thousand pounds, or the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, with twenty thousand, or have become bankrupt to the tune of six hundred thousand dollars, as he did a few weeks back. These figures represent "a mons'ous 'eap o' money, John," as Solon Shingle says when his nephew wants to borrow "fefty dol-lárs; and you can't dispute a man's success in life when he can tot-up his liabilities to "about one million, five hundred thousand dollars," as Daniel does. But, if I should have expected that man to fail in one place more than another, it would have been in a Spelling Bee. One morning, when it pleased him to lie late in bed, and the business was at a stand-still for want of the books and other contents of the safe, the bookkeeper went to ask for the word that represented the combination of locks and keys—the "Open Sesame!" to unfasten Mr. Drew's treasure-cave. He knocked at the bedroom door: "'Who's there?' asked Uncle Dan'l. 'It's me,' explained the bookkeeper; 'I want to find out the safe-combination.' 'Door,' shouted back the disturbed financier, and sunk on his pillow in pious meditation. Shortly afterwards the bookkeeper returned and knocked again. 'Well, what is it now?' shouted Uncle Daniel, indignantly. 'What did you say the combination was, Mr. Drew?' asked the bookkeeper. 'Door! door! door!' was the reply hurled through the panels at forty-lung power. For a moment the puzzled clerk stood irresolute, and then a bright idea struck him. 'How do you spell *door*, Mr. Drew?' he asked. 'Sich ignerance!' thundered Uncle Dan'l from under the covers; 'Why, d-o-a-r-e, you d—d fool! D-o-a-r-e.'



FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE OF COPE'S MIXTURE.



An agreeable proof of your influence upon the public mind is to be derived from a letter which has come into my hands from a reader of "Cope's Mixture." I was moved to say, last month, that if the passion for Spelling Bees and Bees in general should lead to the experiment of a Smoking Bee, smokers who expectorate should be heavily fined, It was not my intention to put any particular transgressor "on the spit" when I penned that mischievous suggestion; but you know what has often happened when the bow has been drawn at a venture. A gentleman writes: "I must confess that I expectorate when I smoke, and would be very much obliged if . . . you would give me any hints as to the way to avoid such a pernicious habit." Now, I am glad he acknowledges that it is a "pernicious habit." He clearly does not need to be told that, just as the worst use you can make of a man is to hang him, so the worst use you can make of your saliva is to throw it away; and that the more a man spits the larger store of indigestion, with all its attendant miseries and consequent ills, he lays up for his future. But he does not seem to have realised the truth that, with the vast majority of smokers spitting is a mere habit, to be cured by a little resolution. There is no practical cause for it, beyond the irritating taste of the smoke, to which the nerves of the mouth very soon become accustomed; and when that novelty has passed there should be no further excessive flow of saliva into the mouth. There is a prevalent notion that smokers ought to spit: hence spittoons. There is another, that smokers must drink: hence tumblers as companions for pipes. They are equally erroneous. A thoroughly good smoker, well-seasoned and wise, will take his Tobacco without either imbibing or expectorating extra moisture on that account. If, in spite of himself, he finds a spitting fit coming on, he will argue that either his Tobacco is bad,

X to Z, with the spindle eye. Flying Tooth, as before. The Baby is better. Wooden barrow legs will not be there. The Baby's aunt wants to see the Tooting Terrifier. Bring some more of the "Mixture," you know, "Cope's."—ADVT.

or his pipe is foul, or his stomach is out of order. The obvious remedy is—to put down his pipe. Let him resolve that the two things—smoking and spitting—shall not go on together; and he will soon conquer his bad habit. If he can't—if he must expectorate when he smokes, then he is injuring his health and making himself a nuisance to his neighbours, and he has no right to smoke.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.



In that kind of humour which consists in enormous lying, I am inclined to grant that the American is without a peer, though not without a rival. When we hear that “An anvil was dropped upon a coloured clergyman from a third-story window. He complained of an injury to his—hat,” we recognise the nationality of the statement. My friends who have steadily consumed “Cope’s Mixture” in its ordinary form during the past few years, are familiar with such suggestive histories as are briefly conveyed in the form of “a boy sat on a keg of powder, smoking a cigar for fun—the fun did not begin till the powder exploded;” or, “A man in Kansas said he could drink a quart of Cincinnati whisky, and he did it—the silver mounting on his coffin cost thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents.” But Mr. Samuel S. Cox, in his book, *Why we Laugh* (London, 1876), is, I believe, the first person who has found an example of this style of humour in Holy Writ. He will have it that this statement in the Second Book of Chronicles is an instance and prototype of the American humour of hiatus:—“And Asa, in the thirty-and-ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great: yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa, slept with his fathers.”

A North Carolinian backed himself to shell corn against a patent machine; and, after beating his antagonist,



exclaimed : "I ain't got no time to shell agin that thing. It would make me slow-motioned for life." An Indiana man, hearing of the fate of Lot's wife, declares : "Well, all I've got to say is, if she dropped in Indiana, and in our parts, the cattle would have licked her up before sundown!" An American, having crossed the Alps, guessed he *did* come over some "risin' greound;" and another "advised a man with big feet, who wanted a boot-jack, to go back to the forks in the road, and pull his boots off" with them. These are fair specimens of Yankee extravagance.

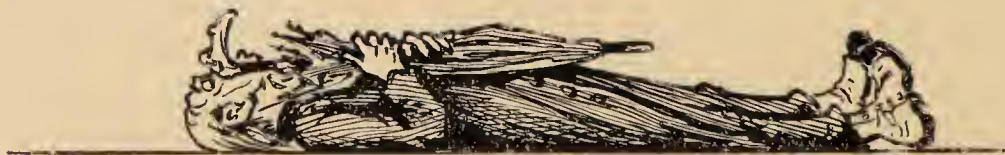
I might quote, but have not space, the magnificent burlesque in the shape of an hotel prospectus, which offers amongst other attractions an office clerk who "can lead in prayer; play draw-poker;" "shake for drinks at any hour, day or night;" "amuse children; repeat the Beecher trial from memory;" "will flirt with any young lady, and not mind being cut dead when 'pa comes down;" 'don't mind being damned any more than a Connecticut river;" "answers questions in Greek, Hebrew, Chocktaw, Irish, or any other polite language, at the same moment, without turning a hair; and has many other virtues highly esteemed in the land where the Louisianian's thermometer got so high it exploded, frightening him into old age, killing one pointer dog, and wounding two roosters!"

Judge Lawrence says : "As to Andrew Johnson, I feel as a man once said of Jackson, 'I don't wish General Jackson any harm, but I shouldn't care if the Almighty took a fancy to him.'" Judge Collamer asks : "Are you not conscious that you are labouring under a prejudice against the man?" and the interrogated one replies, "Yes, sir, I think it likely : I have detected him stealing, two or three times." "What's before the house—does the gentleman know?" cries the speaker; when "I am," responds the "gentleman." A monument is proposed to commemorate the services of Governor Swan; when the Governor begs that the proposer won't "hurry the monument." A chaplain being nominated, somebody asks, "What are his politics." "He has none—he is a Christian," is the reply. John P. Hale explains : "I

COPE'S MIXTURE.—A real old-fashioned Smoke. Familiar in their Mouths as Household Words. "Worth much and cost little."—ADVT.

never said that all the Democrats were rascals ; only that all the rascals were Democrats." Mike Walsh, reproached for his lack of culture, says : " I would rather speak sense in one language than nonsense in fifty." George D. Prentice had a neat gift. His rival editor, Governor Medary, having declared " Villainy is afoot," Prentice asks : " Has the editor lost his horse ? " Somebody says Mr. Clay is behind the age. " Then," says Prentice, " the age must be tail-foremost." Of a keener edge was Thaddeus Stevens. " Who signed that paper ? Is it signed at all ? " he asks of Vallandigham. " They didn't make their marks," says Vallandigham, sarcastically, " And never will ! " retorts Thaddeus. I sympathise with the speaker who answered a demand for adjournment thus : " No, sir, I am intensely interested in the remarks I am making." There is a touch of truth in the Alabama gentleman's test of a just juryman—" A good laugh has a good heart under it ; but when I see a juror gloomy and dark-browed, cutting his Tobacco into Snuff, I know he is ready to say ' Guilty ! Guilty ! ' "

It is characteristic of Nature's choicest gifts that, like the rain which falls alike upon the just and the unjust, they are distributed freely to all ranks and conditions of men. There is a notable stroke of philosophy at the close of the thirtieth chapter of George Eliot's last new story, where she shows us a woman trying to propitiate the man who has just inflicted upon her a cruel wrong, and upon whom she has determined to wreak a terrible revenge :—" ' Light a cigar,' she said, soothingly, taking the case from his breast-pocket and opening it." One likes better to see how our " dear Tobacco " can soothe alike the wealthy noble in his prime and the aged lowly on the brink of the grave. According to the *Prescot Reporter*, a Yankee tourist began talking to a " quiet-looking man " who was smoking outside an inn on the Chatsworth estate, not long ago ; taking the man for the tavern-keeper, and expressing his admiration of the Duke of Devonshire's domain. " ' Quite a place ' isn't it ? ' said the American. ' Yes, a pleasant place enough,' returned



the Englishman. 'The fellow who owns it must be worth a mint of money,' said No. 1, through his cigar smoke. 'Yes, he's comfortably off,' agreed No. 2, quietly. 'I wonder if I could get a look at the old chap,' said the American, after a short silence. 'I should like to see what sort of a bird he is.' Puff, puff, went the English cigar, and then said the English voice, trying hard to control itself: 'If you'—puff—'look hard'—puff, puff—'in this direction, you'—puff, puff—'can tell in a minute.' 'You, you!' faltered Mr. A., getting up. 'Why, I thought you were the landlord!' 'Well, so I am,' said the Duke, 'though I don't perform the duties. I stay here,' he added, with a twinkle in his eye, 'to be looked at.'

ABANDONING THE USE OF THE WEED.

It might have been supposed that when a band of hardened smokers not only resolved to give up the practice of their deadly indulgence, but also to give to the world the history of their heroic struggle towards a better life, there would be encouragement for Drysdale and Co. I may be mistaken, and there may be crumbs of comfort for these philanthropists in the following story, which is written in the diary of one "Pilgarlick," and printed in the columns of the *Danbury News*. Let your readers judge:—



"Tobacco is, next to liquor, the worst curse of the human race, and so on January first, Smoker, Snoozer, and your humble servant abandoned the use of the weed for ever. To show how much they were in earnest, I will give a few extracts from Smoker's diary:—
 Jan. 1.—Am happy to say that I have abandoned the use of Tobacco for ever. With the money I can thus save, I can buy a good suit of clothes, and reading matter enough to start a library. Jan. 2.—Feel happy as a clam at high tide. Am determined to reform.
 Jan. 3.—Hair pulls some this morning, but never mind. Thank God I have the strength to resist. Jan. 4.—Wish I had never been born. Hair pulls worse than ever. Mouth tastes like a little purp dorg's breath smells. Saw Snoozer to-day; he looks as solemncholy as an owl. Jan. 5.—Went into my woodshed to-day and had a smoke. Feel better. God bless a good 'Havana.' Jan. 6.—Snoozer came in to-day to 'beg off,' and found me with a cigar in my mouth.

Blessed reconciliation. Snoozer went away happy. Jan. 7.—We had a three-handed smoke to-day, and consequently feel happy. The above is the experience of about nine-tenths of the users of the weed. Every New Year's Day shall 'see this farce repeated until 'Time shall be no more,' or the Tobacco crop is a failure over the whole world."

UNSTAMPED
CAVENDISH.

If, being impatient of the restrictions of the law, and over-lustful of profit, I try to sell to my fellow-men a quantity of good Tobacco, without first paying duty to the Excise, I am fined £20; and I ought to be thankful that the administrator of the law, who puts upon me this penalty, has mingled mercy with—shall we say "justice?" That is what happened to Albert Lovell, at Cardiff; the "head and front of his offending" being $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of unstamped Cavendish. I should find it more convenient to poison my fellow-creatures than to shirk my "duties" to the Excise. For, if I expose for sale 300 lbs. of cod-fish, unfit for human food, as Walter Scott was proved the other day, at Manchester, to have done, I shall be fined £5, as he was; I have the luxurious satisfaction of regarding myself (if I choose) as a martyr to vulgar prejudice. It is decidedly better to poison your customers than to dodge the Custom House. We rejoice to live in an age when the moral principles of an enlightened Christian civilisation are triumphant. But when the Christian state persists in overriding my simple ethics with arguments of this sort, I feel like the poor New England vestryman, who was harassed by the opposition of a "rich and irascible brother." "The rich one," says my informant, "asked who *he* was, anyway, that he should presume to interfere. Quick, and hot with righteous wrath, came the answer:—'I'm a poor, humble Christian, you damned old hypocrite!'"

A FRENCHMAN ON ENGLAND.

"I here send you"—wrote Dr. Thomas Sprat, Fellow of the Royal Society and soon to be Lord Bishop of Rochester, in a letter to Dr. Wren, the Oxford Professor



of Astronomy, something over a couple of hundred years ago—"I here send you the Account which Mons. *de Sorbière* has given of his Voyage into *England*; and though it be an Insolent Libel on our Nation, yet I doubt not but you will peruse it with Delight." There is no reason to question the patriotism of Dr. Wren; and I would venture to believe that his admiration of his native land would have gone quite as far as William Cowper's did at a much later time, when the eccentric poet of Olney wrote—"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still." Dr. Sprat might have differed from that pretty sentiment; for he did not seem to see that his country had any faults. But he defined the emotion likely to be aroused in an Englishman's breast by a perusal of Monsieur Sorbière's "Voyage into England" with considerable shrewdness.

I appeal to you, my countrymen and contemporaries: if you had been your own Ancestors—(pray don't stop me to criticise a Bull)—how would you have relished Monsieur Sorbière's description of your manners? Read what follows—and declare:—

"I know, Sir, you would have me give you an Account of the Plays, Walks, Houses of Pleasure, and Feasts I have been at: The *English* are not very Dainty: and the greatest Lords Tables, who do not keep *French* Cooks, are covered only with large Dishes of Meat: They are Strangers to Bisks and Pottage: Only once I saw some Milk-Pottage in a large and deep Dish, some of which, as a singular Favour, the Master of the House gave in a *China* Dish to some of his Guests: Their pastry is coarse and ill baked; their Stewed Fruits and Confectionery Ware cannot be eat; they scarce ever make use of Forks or Ewers, for they wash their Hands by dipping them into a Bason of Water. It's common enough for them after Meals to Smoke Tobacco, in the interim of which they converse a long time and freely: People of Quality do not use it so much as others; and there is scarce a day passes but a Tradesman goes to the Alehouse or Tavern to smoke with some of his Friends, and therefore Publick Houses are numerous here, and Business goes on but slowly in the Shops: For a Taylor and Shoemaker, let his Business be never so urgent, will leave his Work, and go to drink in the Evening: and as he oftentimes comes home late, or half Seas over, he has no great Inclination to go to Work, and opens not his Shop, even in Summertime, till after Seven in the Morning. This makes Manufactures dear, and renders the Natives angry with the *French* People; for our Tradesmen are usually more Industrious; and as they are more handy at their work, Folks go the willingner to

RIFLE CAKE.—Registered Trade Mark. Class 45. No. 5597. A Cut Tobacco, made up in Cakes ready for the Pipe, admirably adapted for carrying in the vest pocket.—ADVT.

Buy of them, and they can Sell cheaper than the *English*, who would have as much for the little they do as the others, and the loss of their Time made up to them in that Way. This, together with their voracious and lazy Temper, is the Reason why the *Dutch* always undersell the *English*; for 'tis certain that these have always more Hands on Board their Ships, do not live so cheap, and are not satisfied with so little Profit."

With this elegant lampoon of your forebears fresh in mind, I fancy you will agree with Dr. Sprat:—"When you have beheld how many Errors and Falsehoods he has committed in this small Relation, you cannot but be pleas'd to find, that whoever undertakes to defame your Country, he must at the same time forfeit his Wit, and his Understanding, as well as his good Manners."

THE MAN WHO SMOKED AND THE MAN WHO DIDN'T.

Do you want some illustrations of the personal effects of Tobaccoism and its opposite? Take first, then, this pleasant picture of the late Dr. William Stokes, of Dublin—a man known for his genius and his geniality half the world over:—

"He never hurried himself in walking or talking, and often in the midst of a summer tempest of rain would stop deliberately, take out his snuff-box, enjoy a large pinch of snuff, and then proceed to the point of his story, while the rain was streaming from our hats; for he never carried an umbrella, and used even to laugh at the genus of the *umbrelliferae*, as he called them."

And having contemplated that cheerful figure, turn to the biography of Gerrit Smith, the abolitionist. "It is painful," says a friendly critic, "to read that this man, who would not drink any intoxicating liquor, who hated Tobacco as heartily as King James, and lived on the simplest fare, suffered from as many maladies as the pampered aristocrat who abuses all the good things of life." In truth, the list of his ailments, as it appears in the book of his life, is too distressing to be needlessly inflicted on my readers; and I leave it with the simple comment that a little Tobacco would assuredly have soothed some of his pains, without impairing either his usefulness in the world or his hopes of bliss hereafter.



I cannot do better, by way of gentle flavour to my "Mixture," than quote a passage from Sala's biographical sketch of the late George Cruikshank, in the *Daily Telegraph*. Speaking of the "Table Book," the writer says:—

The artist's portrait of himself, meerschaum in mouth, with a little King Charles on his knee, is a charming study, and establishes, besides, the fact that at one period, at least, of his life George was a sedulous smoker. During his last 20 years, however, he was as resolute in his denunciation of the weed as of the maddening wine cup. Only to a few very dearly prized literary friends he would show himself tolerant in the matter of Tobacco. "I want you to give up drinking and smoking," he would say, "and you tell me that if you don't smoke you can't write. Now, I'll meet you half way. Give up the drink, and you may smoke—just a little."

George Cruikshank was nearly right. My own view is stronger:—Give up the drink, and you may smoke as much as you like.

R. L. STEVENSON AND HIS DONKEY.



I have been on an arm-chair "tour on the Continent." Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has had me with him on his "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes." I was not the Donkey, "though by your smiling you should seem to say so," But the travels are uncommonly refreshing and lively; and the humour is none the worse for the frequent fragrance of a cigarette. The first day with *Modestine* (the donkey) was a little tiresome, and the traveller records—"I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with Tobacco." A little later, when *Modestine* was excessively aggravating, he says—"I came very near crying; but I did a wiser thing than that, and sat squarely down by the roadside to consider my situation under the cheerful influence of Tobacco and a nip of brandy." Mr. Stevenson had made his arrangements for dispensing with hotel accommodation; and he gives romantic pictures of nights in the woods, when the winds, singing amongst the yielding boughs, sang him to sleep, or he lay dreaming under the stars. He ties up his donkey, and gives her a supper of black bread; then creeps into his sleeping bag, and refreshes himself with Bologna sausage, a cake of choco-

The Tobaccos used in the Manufacture of Rifle Cake are Special Growths, imported direct from the Farms in Old Virginny.—ADVT.

late, and neat brandy, which he abhors; and goes on to tell us—"But I was rare and hungry; ate well; and smoked one of the best cigarettes in my experience. Then I put a stone in my straw hat, pulled the flap of my fur cap over my neck and eyes, put my revolver ready to my hand, and snuggled well down among the sheep skins." In the morning—"It was wild weather, and famishing cold. I ate some chocolate, swallowed a mouthful of brandy, and smoked a cigarette before the cold should have time to disable my fingers." On another morning he says: "When that hour" (the "one stirring hour, unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad," "and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes, and behold the beauty of the night") "came to me among the pines, I awakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette." "I lay smoking and studying the colour of the sky. . . . As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This could I see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and, at each whiff, the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape, . . . buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars." It is not possible to transfer to this page more than the faintest trace of the quiet charm that fills the book; but these whiffs of Tobacco are enough for my purpose here. One thing, in the interest of smokers, I should like Mr. Stevenson to explain. Was it the strength of his Tobacco that made him begin and go through one day after he had gone through and finished the same day already? How to wake up in the open air on "Wednesday, October 2nd," and have adventures enough to fill twenty-pages of a book; and then to wake up in an inn on the morning of the same 2nd of October, to spend that day in other scenes and adventures, is a secret worth knowing.



CLERGYMEN SMOKING.



The *Tribune's* own "John Paul" has been watching the clerical holiday-makers at Saratoga this summer. "John Paul" takes liberties with the divines; but this little bit isn't bad:—

"I love to see a clergyman smoking: in the first place, he always seems to get more enjoyment out of it than any one else; and, in the second, it is proof to me that I am not wholly depraved in my tastes. In translating 'Charles Douze,' at school, I think I remember to have read that the Russian orthodox claim that it is less sinful to drink brandy than to smoke, insomuch as it is written that it is not that which goeth into a man's mouth that defileth, but that which cometh out. Our clergymen are of a different opinion, and it is worthy of remark that they always smoke an excellent brand of cigars—long nines are not their strong sort. I may be mistaken, but I fancy that I have remarked a peculiarity about the Calvinistic clergyman when he 'blows a cloud.' It always occurs to me that he bites and rolls his cigar about in his mouth somewhat spitefully, as though he had got hold of a sinner, and seems to see it approach its burning end with glowing satisfaction."



Somebody tells of a smoking clergyman, renowned for his absent-mindedness, who would apparently finish his sermon, and sit down comfortably, but suddenly rise when the congregation were beginning the hymn, and, with the prefix "By the way!" would add another division to his discourse. His anxiety to resume his favourite pipe was maliciously suggested as the reason why, on one occasion, when he had finished his prayer abruptly and resumed his seat, he jumped up again and startled the people by saying, "By the way—Amen!" I don't remember whether the late Duke of Cambridge smoked; but, if he did, the habit might account for the politeness with which, when his chaplain said "Let us pray!" His Royal Highness used to respond, "By all means!"

CIGARETTE PAPER.

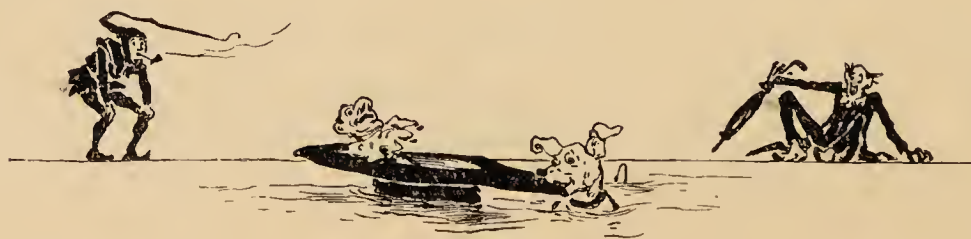
The Anti-Tobacco Society will be grieved when they learn that the Bible Society has been promoting cigarette-smoking in Italy. There is nothing against Tobacco in the Bible, it is true; but the Anti-Tobaccoites so constantly

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.—See Whatshisname's Pills; worth a Guinea an ounce; see "Cope's Mixture."—ADVT.

patronise the Bible, that it is unkind on the part of the Bible Society to give aid and succour, comfort and abatement, to the smokers. Tell it not in Exeter Hall, neither publish it in Paternoster Row! or some of the subscriptions will cease, and the legacies will fail. Who does not know with what gusto the agents of the Bible Society are wont to tell how civilly the Italians accept presentation copies of the Scriptures, when proffered by zealous propagators of Protestant hatred of Popery? I fear the next report of the Society will not contain any reference to an article which appeared in the *Saturday Review* on the 6th of September last; and as I am sure Thomas Reynolds and Co. don't often read that irreverent periodical, which tells the truth in a heartlessly inconvenient way sometimes, I feel constrained to give the quotation as I find it:—



“The Italians are in the main, and on all occasions of social intercourse, a courteous and polite people. They have, indeed, some habits and customs which are consistent neither with politeness nor with decency. But we are bound to say that whenever they recognise the intention of a stranger to confer a benefit upon them, they reciprocate the wish by a pleasant and polite acceptance of the kindness. At the same time they have a keen sense of any ridiculous occurrence, and a dramatic mode of narrating it. English sojourners in Italy will therefore have often heard from Italian lips vivid descriptions of the solemn gravity with which English zealots have opened their bags in a railway carriage and given to every Italian fellow-passenger a tract or a Testament; and of the equally grave politeness with which the gift has been received. But it is not the fortune of all Englishmen to hear the comments made upon a proceeding which even good intentions cannot divest of its impertinence; and we suspect that fewer still ever learn the purposes to which the donations are ultimately consigned. There is a recent story that an Italian officer, *à propos* of a conversation on cigarettes, suddenly startled an English bystander by the following anecdote:— ‘We were in garrison,’ he said, ‘and had exhausted all our stock of paper to make cigarettes with. One day a very dignified and courteous stranger—an Englishman—appeared, bearing a letter to the commandant, who introduced him to the officers. Before going away, he very civilly presented all of us with Bibles. These came most seasonably; for we have made cigarettes with them ever since!’”





According to the *Spectator* calamity has befallen one of the best and most ably conducted religious journals in Australia. Some one connected with it got hold of an engraving which seemed to be pretty well adapted as an illustration of a Biblical scene, and it was accordingly inserted as a representation of "Jesus at Jacob's Well." It shows a number of men seated by the side of a well, while another stands in their midst with outstretched hand addressing them. The unhappy editor evidently did not observe that the man holds a long Tobacco pipe in his other hand.

A SENSATIONAL PREACHER.

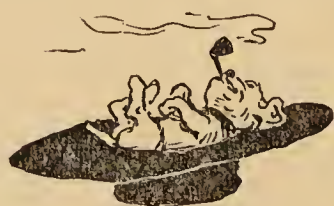
"A foolish sensational preacher named Talmage"—I am quoting the *New York Tobacco Leaf*—"who preaches in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, has been having quite another effect on his disciples. Some of them, who are young and simple, are so powerfully influenced by the preaching that they flirt with one another and talk loudly during the devotional exercises. Lately, "a young man insisted on smoking a cigar during the prayer." Naturally, that young man and the police officer fought all the way to the lock-up. But, why did the police-person interfere? The unsophisticated youth had acquired a competent knowledge of Dr. Watts, and knew he ought not to "let his angry passions rise;" and the only antidote to the provocative parson was Tobacco. I've known revival sermons to smoke worse than the vilest Tobacco ever invented by a Jew cigar-maker.

Which reminds me that, with the warmest desire to see Jews in Parliament, and in heaven, and in all the other places I don't habitually frequent, I am somewhat exercised by members of that profession just now. There is your old townsman, Dr. Ginsburg, for instance. The *Leeds Mercury* will have it that that learned converted Hebrew has had all his spare time occupied lately in refusing to let Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*, build him a fine house. What time he has that is not "spare" he employs, it seems, in "the preliminary work

of revising the Old Testament." I'm glad he begins *there*; for he might have taken the reconstruction of the Solar System or the revision of Eternity, in hand, as a "preliminary work." I feel quite satisfied of his capabilities for any of these or similar undertakings. I once saw a manuscript treatise of his, which was four feet high by three and a-half feet broad and two feet thick. I was given to know that *that* was preliminary—a skeleton introduction to something or other substantial, no doubt. But I don't see why he is dealing with Walter, Delane and Co. He would have "grounds more relative" in Peterborough Court. If the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* would buy-up the copyright of some of his work—and I've always understood that the Hebrews were charitable to their own kin—the *D. T.* would get pages enough of antique literature to last it till the History of the Gladstone Government is as ancient as the tables of Assurbanapul, and at a much cheaper rate than Dr. George Smith's popular romances.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

Next to the joy of conscious merit is the bliss of the virtuous mind when imitators emulate its actions. But, as an upright master may mourn over a degenerate pupil, intellectually noble but faulty in morals, so do I grieve that the editor of the *Graphic* should have neglected to acknowledge the source from whence he takes his "Clippings." In his latest quotations he gives this charming specimen of the elegant form of words employed by a young American lady in presenting a ball-partner to her friend:—"Miss Jones, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Waltzer, a bully dancer, you bet. Why, he whizzed me round the room so that my feet never touched ground, except when he quit his hold to take a new *grab*." You will join me in applauding the taste of the extractor, who took this paragraph from our old friend the *San Francisco News-Letter*, and coolly said



he had it "from a spectator at a fashionable charity ball." Now, how would the editor of the *Graphic* like me to copy his admirable engraving of the other week, in which were so faithfully limned the principal figures and features associated with the Tichborne trial, and calmly state that I had it "from one of the audience in court?" Nevertheless, I will not be deterred from setting him a good example once more; and I boldly avow that I am indebted to the *News-Letter* for the following piece of "ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR:—Give up the use of Tobacco, once for all. It will spare you the mortification of living until you are a hundred years old." The *New York Tobacco Leaf* tells of a railway traveller who, upon hearing somebody sing "O! breathe no more that simple air," got into a smoking-carriage, where the air was more mixed. If somebody would go and teach such a song in Rochdale, he might save the Merchants' and Tradesmen's Association of that town some trouble. That society has asked the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company to provide more smoking-carriages, "so that they (the smokers) may keep themselves apart from, and not offend, their fellow-travellers who do not use Tobacco." As all smokers abhor the Pagans who don't smoke, as devoutly as a Certain Person is said to discountenance holy water, they will heartily say "Amen!" to this Rochdale prayer. But the *New York Tobacco Leaf* reminds me that lovers of Tobacco are not always happy. A cross-eyed man in a Detroit street-car appealed to the opposite seat as to whether "he had any chewing-Tobacco handy." There were seven men on that seat, and every one put his hand in his pocket to find the required plug; but each, seeing the other in pursuit of the same object, withdrew his own hand empty. The moral of that story should be that you ought not to squint. The cross-eyed man thought the seven perplexed men on the other side mean; whereas they were almost as generous as the Californian cabman who, when his fare was disputed by a party of English naval officers whom he had driven round San Francisco, remarked, "Well, gentlemen, guess we won't bustle about five dollars;" and offered each of them a prime Havana cigar.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

That there have been reverend snuff-takers who did credit to their cloth since John Wesley's time, is pretty evident from some recollections of Archbishop Whately, recently published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, from the pen of Mr. Adolphus Trollope. Here is an extract ;—

“ The logic class is assembled. The door by which the principal is to enter is exactly opposite to the foot of the stair which descends from his own apartment. It stands open, and presently a kind of rushing sound is heard on the staircase. In the next instant, Whately plunges headforemost into the room, saying, while yet in the doorway, ‘ Explain the nature of the third operation of the mind, Mr. Johnson.’ But as none of the operations of Mr. Johnson's are so rapid as those of the energetic principal, the latter has had time to fling himself into a chair, cross the small of one leg over the knee of the other, balance himself on the two hind legs of the chair, and begin to show signs of impatience before Mr. Johnson has sufficiently gathered his wits together. While that process is being accomplished the principal soothes his impatience by the administration of a huge pinch—or handful, rather—of snuff to his nose, copiously sprinkling his waistcoat with the superfluity thereof. Then at last comes from Mr. Johnson a meagre answer in the words of the text-book, which is followed by a luminous exposition of the rationale of the whole of that part of the subject, in giving which the lecturer shoots far over the heads of the majority of his hearers, but is highly appreciated by the select few who are able to follow him.”

TOM STYLUS.

Do you remember the scene in Robertson's first successful comedy, “ Society,” in which Tom Stylus, the Bohemian journalist, striving hard to adapt himself to the manners of high life, in an interview with Lady Ptarmigan, unluckily pulls out of his pocket (with his handkerchief) a dirty black pipe, which falls at her ladyship's feet, startles her out of all her self-possession, and secures for poor Tom the lasting nickname of “ The Tobacco Man ? ” Well, of like nature is the story which the *Leaf* man tells of his experience in a tramway car—but that he might have made better use of the occasion. It seems that he



got into a Sixth Avenue car the other morning, and sat down amidst a company of ladies—most of them, he says, “young and good-looking,” and “all elegantly attired.” He was placed “between two of the fairest of the fair ones;” but was ill at ease, and felt “an indefinable dread of getting up to leave the car.” He goes on to say:—

“But get up I had to at last, my destination being reached, and, as I took hold of the strap to steady myself through the narrow passage-way faintly discernable at intervals between the front and flanking rows of velvet and silk, I became instantly conscious that not less than twenty pairs of mischievous, laughing eyes were turned full upon me, and that somebody was pulling at the skirt of my overcoat to attract my attention. The object of this violence to my person, this gentle violence albeit, I could not at the moment of its occurrence clearly comprehend. I was confused; but the knowledge of its import came to me by degrees, as knowledge usually comes. I am a smoker. I had been smoking before I entered the car; and, when I took my seat, three pipes—a meerschaum, a briar, and a penny clay—were in the pocket of my overcoat. I did not know there was a hole in the pocket. But it wasn’t the meerschaum, neither was it the briar, that dropped through the hole on to the floor of the car as I rose to go out; it was the penny clay, a stumpy, dark-looking one, that did so; and that was the one the sweetest-featured of all my travelling companions held in the delicately-gloved fingers of one tiny hand, while with the other she tugged at my coat until I realised the situation, and, in tones as tender as her glances were expressive, said, ‘Sir, haven’t you lost something?’ I could have better borne the loss than the finding of that pipe; but I tried to say ‘Thank you!’ when she gave it to me; and when I got off the car all the dear creatures were not laughing, though all had witnessed the scene described.”

Blackwood (1862) gives us the following Highlander’s “Grace:”—“O, gie us rivers o’ whusky, cha’uders o’ snuff, an’ tons o’ Tobacco, an’ pread an’ cheese as pig as the great hill o’ Ben Nevis, an’ may oor childer’s childer pe lords an’ lairds to the latest sheneration.” On repeating this grace to an old hillsman of eighty, leaning on his stick, he thoughtfully answered—“Weel, it’s a goot grace—a fery goot grace, but—it’s a warldly thing!”

NEWSPAPER SCRAPS.

The *New York Tobacco Leaf* brings us sad news of the loss of an old, tried, and valued friend. While our readers sympathise with our natural grief, they will share our admiration of the heroic manner in which our noble

brother met his fate. "It is perhaps," says the account, "rather late in the day to publish incidents of the Chicago fire, but the *Post* relates one which deserves more than a local circulation. It is the story of an Indian who had arrived in the city but a few days before the great disaster. As the flames advanced, he was standing on the sidewalk of State Street. He gazed upon the rushing columns of fire as calmly as if he were contentedly viewing an Apache brother cutting the throat of an Arizona settler. All about him was crackling ruin, but his bronzed face gave no indication of fear. Through the smoke and fire the panic-stricken multitude called upon him to fly, but he stood immobile as a statue, and vouchsafed no answer. The curling tongues of flame wrapped him in a blazing garment, and soon he perished—a victim to a mistaken idea of courage. The proprietor of the cigar store, who had him carefully chiselled out of a pine tree at a cost of twenty-five dollars, is inconsolable."

These ultra-moral protestors, who are for even deducing a man's salvation or eternal perdition from his preference for tin tacks over wooden pegs or brass pins, or from his relative attachment to mustard and Worcester sauce with his beef, are very amusing. My old acquaintance, Dr. Drysdale, has been repeating a budget of his oft-exploded fallacies about Tobacco, for the entertainment of the British Medical Association. But for the authenticated fact that he was there, I should have supposed him to be across the water. He would have done excellently for the hero of the following story:—

"A member of the Saginaw County bar," says the *Detroit Journal of Commerce*, "was recently in one of our thriving interior towns on professional business. In the office of the hotel he was accosted by a very agreeable gentleman, evidently of the *genus* drummer, who wanted to know 'where he was from.' The legal gentleman, not exactly relishing the stranger's familiarity, answered shortly, 'From Detroit.' The next question was, 'For what house are you travelling?' 'For my own.' 'You are! May I ask your



name?' 'You may.' Pause—enjoyable to the lawyer, embarrassing to the other. 'Well (desperately), what is your name?' 'Jones.' 'What line are you in?' 'I don't understand you, sir.' 'What are you selling?' (impatiently). 'Brains' (coolly). The drummer saw his opportunity, and, looking at the other from head to foot, he said slowly, 'Well, you appear to carry a d——d small line of samples.'"

Certainly, the weed flourishes on the other side of the Atlantic. There is a turtle gambolling in the pleasant waters of a fountain in one of the public squares of Cleveland; and that turtle lives to proclaim the virtues of Tobacco. He is placarded all over with a Tobacconist's advertisements! I don't vouch for the truth of the three items I am about to give you. They are from the pages of the *New York Tobacco Leaf*; and they ought to be true:—

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—George Castator, of Hagerstown, Indiana, is 110 years old, stands erect five feet eight inches in his slippers, has good eyesight, hears perfectly, measures 41¾ inches round the chest, and chews Tobacco, a habit learned when he was 91. He has always been fond of horse-racing, but never drank much."

"NINETY-THREE YEARS A SMOKER."—In describing a coloured woman, aged 104, who has been discovered in Warren County, N.J., the editor remarks:—"The agitators of the Tobacco reform can get no encouragement from the old lady, as she has smoked ninety-three years and enjoys good health, bidding fair to live to a good, ripe old age to enjoy her pipe. Her sight is bad, although she is not entirely blind. She walks about the house and talks of going to Oxford (three miles), but says if she goes she must go as the girl went to get married, afoot and alone."

"A GOOD POINTER.—A severe nut for the anti-liquor-and-Tobacco crusaders to crack is the fact of a hale man who has passed his eighty-sixth year, has smoked for nearly seventy years, and, according to his own simple statement, has not gone to bed sober fifty. He sits in a great leather chair in the house of his son, a publican, who makes money by pointing morals with him."

Oh, Tobacco! what horrible atrocities are perpetrated in thy name! I read in the *New York Sun*, of June 7th, that—

"Yesterday, the Hon. Jacob Seebacher mopped his brows and waddled into an open Grand Street car. He was puffing a fragrant cigar. He had hardly taken his seat and paid his fare before he heard a hallo, and, on turning about, saw a well-dressed young man at the intersection of Cannon Street beckoning to him. 'Do you

want to see me?' Jacob shouted. 'Yes, very particularly,' the youth replied. Thereupon Jacob stopped the car, remopped his brows, and waddled out to the sidewalk. 'Give me a light, please,' said the stranger. Jacob accommodated him. 'What do you want to see me about?' asked the Assemblyman. 'Nothing more,' was the reply. At this Jacob swelled with indignation. 'Do you mean that you made me lose a car to ask me for a light?' 'That's it,' the youth answered. 'But don't get excited. There'll be another car along in two minutes.'"

The following extract, from the *Rockland Courier*, will show how it befel with the editor of that distinguished journal:—

"One of our subscribers, an elderly lady, wants to know if we won't write something about Tobacco, she being very much against the use of the noxious weed. Certainly we will. Everybody is aware that the use of this vile article is most injurious, destroying the vital powers, and filling lunatic asylums and graves. It is frightful to contemplate the ravages of the Tobacco poison. Would that we wielded the pen of a Dickens, that we might vividly portray the evil effect of the weed. Thousands of persons have—— A friend has just dropped in and offered us a cigar, and, as it looks like a good one, we won't write any more just at present."

It is often so. The best blossoming plants in our garden constantly fail of "full fruition." There was the *Daily Telegraph*, finishing up its noble attempt to annihilate Drysdale and company by reducing all intelligence and civilisation to the test supplied by the brains of smoking undergraduates and German soldiers! And I do not know that I should need a better illustration of the inability of "poor humanity" to execute its best designs than you will find in the following letter, which was called into existence by that notable leading article:—

"THE DANGER OF SMOKING.

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.'

"SIR,—Seeing the imminent peril of the nation, through the use of Tobacco, if you will oblige me with a few lines of your valuable columns, I will give you the effects of smoking in my own family only: My grandfather, a regular smoker, died aged about 96, smoked the day he died; my father, now living, aged about 90 years, has smoked upwards of seventy years; of his five sons, one died aged 33, non-smoker, of consumption; another died aged 44, non-smoker, of consumption; another died at the age of 47, being a



smoker, of cancer; one now living, aged 51, who is a smoker, is in good health; I am 43 years of age, a smoker, now in good health, having never had the headache in my life.

“ONE WHO SMOKES.”



I am afraid there is not much practical chance of my becoming an anti-Tobaccoite yet. I have tried very hard of late to pile up the “burthen of proof” against my favourite weed; but, as yet, the balance is unaltered. Several new instances have come under my observation of the evil effects of Tobacco. Only this week I have heard of two new cases in which hardened smokers have suffered for their vice by having their lives prolonged beyond a hundred years. Even this melancholy spectacle fails to move me. A friend, from whom I deserved better things, gave me the other day a villainously bad cigar; and I sympathise with the remark of the editor of the *Hamilton News*:—“Somehow we can’t help feeling more friendly towards a man who treats us to a ten cent cigar than we do towards one who treats us to a cigar worth only five cents; and yet we don’t want to discriminate unjustly, or seem ungrateful;” I do not think I discriminated unjustly between that cigar and others that I have known in happy days of old; but, while I was moderately grateful to the donor, I felt no sense of an opening gulf between my affection and the properly manufactured weed. It is trying to the feelings of an “even Christian” to read of such an excessive devotion to Tobacco as is recorded in the *Norwich Buletin* (U.S.):—“A gentlemanly resident of Thamesville cast a gloom over the place on Wednesday, by appearing on the street in a costume consisting chiefly of a stocking and a chew of Tobacco.” But it is astonishing how events change their aspect under the influence of proper explanation and arrangement. The *Buletin* adds, in reference to this gentleman—“He was drunk, and desired to shed blood, but was finally caught and enclothesed.” Hence, the natural repugnance which I conceived towards that “gentlemanly resident,” and all his associations,

NEXT OF KIN.—£77,000,000,000 in Chancery. All persons whose names commence with any letter of the alphabet, from A to Z, living either in England or the Colonies, or anywhere else, between the ages of 21 and 150, are earnestly requested to get a packet of “Cope’s Mixture.” It is far before all Patent Medicines, and will cure anything from a creaking boot to a kicking horse.—ADVT.

faded; and I have “concluded,” as the Americans express it, neither to leave off the wearing of stockings nor the smoking of Tobacco. The startling query propounded lately by a contemporary of yours—“What holds all the snuff in the world?”—appears to have been answered by an irreverent punster thus—“No one nose?” Right-minded people, who believe in the sacred inviolability of orthodox orthography, may be tempted to reject that explanation; but, if they be addicted to Rapee or Kendal Brown, they will console themselves with the reflection that one nose will hold quite enough snuff for the comfort of one lifetime.



I am quite prepared to admit that Tobacco-smoking may be carried to excess. I think the fact is illustrated with emphasis in a fragment of contemporary biography which I have extracted from an American paper. The hero is nameless, but it is recorded of him that “He went to bed with a cob-pipe in his mouth. He smoked the mosquitoes pretty lively, but the bed got ‘too hot,’ and he liked to have burned up before he awoke.” It does not become me to say anything about the literary excellences of this statement; I am more concerned with the misguided enthusiasm which induced the gentleman in question to waste his Tobacco on the mosquitoes. Why did he not secure one of the mosquito nets which have excited the admiration of Mark Twain to the height of eloquence observable in the following paragraph?—

“There is nothing that a just and right-feeling man rejoices in more than to see a mosquito imposed on and put down and brow-beaten and aggravated, and this ingenious contrivance will do it. And it is a rare thing to worry a fly with, too. A fly will stand off and curse this invention till language utterly fails him. I have seen them do it hundreds of times. I like to dine in the air, on the back porch, in summer, and so I would not be without this portable net for anything. When you get it hoisted, the flies have to wait for the second table. We shall see the summer day come when we shall sit under our nets in church, and slumber peacefully, while the discomfited flies club together and take it out of the minister. There



are heaps of ways of getting priceless enjoyment out of these charming things, if I had time to point them out and dilate on them a little."



Since the retirement of Mr. Trask from this terrestrial and smoky region, the world has been looking for a model opponent of the smoking habits of the age, worthy to wear his mantle. I doubt whether a more effective enemy of the weed, especially in the form of cigars, will be found in this generation than the smoker whose exploits are described in the paragraph below:—

"He was a young man, and was coming down Main Street last evening, smoking a short cigar. He was stopped by an elderly party to inquire after his family, and he took the cigar from his mouth and held it unostentatiously in his right hand by his side. The elderly party was one of those quietly impulsive and deeply affectionate men. He wanted to press the young man's hand; and he unobtrusively felt around for it, his face all the while beaming with an elevated love and a most tender sentiment. 'How's your father?' he asked. 'Pretty well, thank you,' said the young man, not noticing what the elderly party was doing. 'And your dear mother? Is she——' and just here the young man felt his hand with the lighted cigar suddenly pressed, and then immediately let go of again, and on the countenance of the affectionate elderly party stole a dreadful expression of shrinkage, while his right hand silently but swiftly stole to his side, and was softly but feelingly rubbed up and down that limb several times. The health of the rest of the young man's family was temporarily neglected."

Wayne Hovey, who is an authority in some favoured and secluded corner of this weary world, says that "one test of politeness in a man is the way he presents to you his cigar when you ask him for a light." A gentleman who recently published a book on the rules of good society lays it down as an axiom that a well-bred person will not use another's tooth-brush, except under circumstances of pressing necessity. I should have supposed almost as much; and I hasten to explain that Mr. Hovey is not implying that when you ask for a light the polite smoker will "present to you his cigar" in order that you may smoke it. Joint-stock puffery is more conveniently carried on by means of a parcel of cut Tobacco and two

"What's G. O. M.?" she softly sighed, | He kissed her thrice, and lightly cried,
 "The mystery makes me pine and mope." | "The Grand Old Mixture, made by
 —ADVT. | Cope."

pipes. Not but that there are people who would take the weed too, if they had the chance. "Professor, will you have a cigar?" asked a man in the public room of a hotel. Nineteen people stood up, and said they "didn't care if they did." You see, they all *professed* something, and thought they had a right to it, when he put it so.

A TOBACCO CRUSADE.

The latest claimant for the well-worn mantle of Mr. Thomas Reynolds is "an old man in Caldwell County, Mo.," who is reported to have "started a Tobacco crusade;" but some of my recent exchanges indicate that he will be hard run by certain competitors of a more ingenious turn of mind than applies itself to the *rôle* of Peter the Hermit. One penitent cloud-blower, bent on the abandonment of his favourite pursuit, but feeling unequal to a bold stroke of repentance, proposed to surrender by degrees. He bought some cigars at two dollars the hundred, and began to smoke them. Everybody in the house, except himself, fell ill; and the partner of his joys, declaring she "didn't want *all* the children poisoned," advised a return to good Tobacco. So the benevolent man gave away his cigars to his friends. Next day, every acquaintance who saw him "crossed over to the other side." Annoyed by this priestly and Levitical conduct, he captured one of them and demanded an explanation. "'Look here,' was the rejoinder, 'you're a missionary for an anti-smoking society, ain't you?' 'Not that I'm aware of.' 'Well, you ought to be, for no one that didn't want to discourage smoking—in fact, make people sick of it—would ever carry about such cigars with him. I'd advise you to take a few of those cigars to Washington, and give them to the Members of Congress. The result will be the passage of a law making it a felony for any man to smoke within the territory of the United States.' The last bulletin is that he has buried



the remainder of that box of cigars." But he has a rival, in the person of Mr. J. N. McCullough, First Vice-President and General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The peculiar kind of Tobacco he affects is called "Indiana dog's-leg." I am informed by the *New York Tobacco Leaf*, that it "costs about seven cents a-ton, and isn't nearly worth the money. This he has disciplined himself, after years of martyrdom, to chew, and whenever he is introduced to a victim he takes out a plug ostentatiously and inserts a quid into his mouth with every well-sustained mark of enthusiasm. The victim asks him for a chew, and then the railroad magnate gloats over his agony. It is stated, upon good authority, that if a wad of thousand-dollar greenbacks were put into a Tobacco-box marked 'J. N. McCullough,' and left conspicuously in a smoking-car on the Panhandle Road, no one would touch it from Chicago to Columbus."

CIGARS AND AUCTIONEERS.



There must be a terrible lack of good Tobacco in Cape Colony; though there is evidently very

little want of fierce advertising and pungent personality in that region. In some papers recently received from Port Elizabeth we have found one or two *recherché* bits of puffery and invective, which were, strangely enough, in the shape of an auctioneer's advertisements. There are many reasons why we should draw attention to them. Our own attention has long been directed to the literature of Tobacco—a large and prolific field of letters; but we have never yet found anything equal to this auctioneer's announcements in the way of that eloquent eulogy of the weed. We have often been dissatisfied and sometimes disgusted with the sameness and tameness of the auction announcements paraded in all their solemn dulness on the walls and in the newspapers at home. It is a relief to find how much better the Colonials do these things; and there can be no doubt that many of the advantages to be derived from the use of Tobacco which are now

A steady-going chum is the right sort of genial soul to know. Cope's "The Right Sort" is *the* Tobacco friend to know.—ADVT.

described will be new even to the veterans in the art amongst ourselves.



Advertising early in July, we find "J. S. Kirkwood, auctioneer," announcing that he will be in a position to sell a chest of "Henry Clay's real genuine Havannahs," which will "prove something very different to any hitherto sold." And, as if the offer of "Henry Clays," unlike any other "Henry Clays" ever before sold, were not a sufficient inducement to purchasers, we are told that "the importer, who himself is a well-known *connoisseur*, has been mainly induced to put them up to auction by the over-worrying demands of his friends—who somehow got to know they were coming—to be specially favoured with a few bundles each, out of hand." Here we perceive to what straits the smokers of Port Elizabeth are reduced. Could not some philanthropist in England start a "fund for supplying to the distressed smokers of the Cape—'real genuine Havannahs?'" Of course, if they could be "different to any hitherto sold," especially in material, they would be the more acceptable. The proposition is not altogether preposterous, now that contributions for the sick and wounded of the continental armies take the same shape.

When the weed arrived, Mr. Kirkwood gave a brief notice of his sale; remarking—"in respectful compliment to the superior excellence of these rare and world-famous cigars, this advertisement greets the public in simple dignity undisguised by gaudy comment." Could anything in the way of chaste literature elevate the subject of "Henry Clays" to a higher pedestal than this stroke of the auctioneer's pen? But there were sceptics in Cape Colony, and to these Mr. Kirkwood administers a castigation, for which we can find no parallel in the history of letters. Some "adult ninny-hammer" having remarked on the "unmitigated rot" of "cracking up a parcel of stock cabbage-leaves as Havannahs," the auctioneer speaks of this and other objectors as idiots and beasts, and geese and donkeys: and proceeds, in the approved style



of the late Mr. George Robbins, to instruct his customers in the virtues of the weed, as thus :—

Tobacco not only nerves and elevates, but it classes the animal higher. An occasional cigar is just like an occasional lift above the routine and humdrum of daily life, and a regular one is permanent Elysium. You just blow your own cloud and get upon it, and away you mount aloft in its magic curls, triumphant over all your loves and debts, amid meads of wholesome reveries and happy thoughts. A good cigar is a balm to youth, a blessing to manhood, and to old age a perfect cure. This batch is superior to the last—they cost 3s. per 100 more. Projecting Diggers must not let this opportunity slip.

The force of puffing could no further go.

THE ART OF LONGEVITY.



The pursuit of old age under difficulties has been remarkably successful in the case of a Georgian maiden and her sweetheart. The lady's name is Sarah Flanders ; that of her

lover is Luke Cozzens. The girl is 105 years old, the swain is 101 ; and they are about to be united in the holy state of matrimony. I am requested by a transatlantic scribe to believe that these interesting young people are correctly described as "temperance and Anti-Tobacco ;" but my powers of faith have of late been subjected to so unusual a strain by an influx of Anti-Tobacco literature, that I find it difficult to oblige my American quill-brother. The art of longevity is difficult, even when Tobacco aids us. When that friend and consoler is absent, the task of living beyond a century would seem to be supernatural. That a coloured patriarch named John Boyd smokes and chews in Kentucky at the age of 112, has a third set of teeth coming, and cuts two cords of wood before dinner, is a self-proved fact. John hasn't been gleaning wisdom since the year 1761 to so little purpose as to give up his weed now. He means to grow older yet ; and to prove his foresight is laying in a fresh lot of teeth for the chewing business

Never prophecy unless you know, and never bet unless on a certainty. It is a certainty that Cope's "Golden Shag" is the best in the market.—ADVT.



of the future. A Scottish journal supplies an obituary notice from an eighteenth century record which enables me to accept John Boyd's biography as pure truth, and should be an encouragement to John himself. The year before this estimable negro was ushered into the world—that is to say, in the year 1760—there died in Annandale, North Britain, one Thomas Wishart, who had attained the age of 124, having chewed Tobacco since his seventh year. If John Boyd and his new teeth will persevere at all reasonably, we shall soon be able to point to two lives representing two and a-half centuries of almost consecutive use of the fragrant leaf. This two hundred and fifty years' chewing ought to choke a goodly number of Anti-arguments. I've no doubt that James Tyler, of Chicago, aged 105, who asserted his paternal authority over his son George, aged 80, the other day, is a good Tobaccoite; and that George whom the old man thrashed, doesn't understand smoking. On the whole, I feel encouraged by these particulars, and don't entertain much sympathy for the esteemed Mr. Fothergill, of Keswick. Mr. F. went to Penrith lately, to darken the minds of the Cumbrians on "The Pinch, the Whiff, and the Quid." He is evidently one of the Lake Poets. Unlike the majority of the bards, he condemned the use of the weed, and declared it injurious—as some other dreamers have done. He was interrogated by a rising young Penrither, thus:—"If 'Bacca is injurious, how do you account for my grandfather keeping his health and strength up to the age of 93 years, though he has been a regular smoker since he was ten years old?" Mr. Fothergill did *not* attempt to account for it; but tried to comfort the young man with the assurance that if his grandfather had left the pernicious weed alone, he might not have died so prematurely, but lived to a green old age. The young man cruelly retorted—"He's not dead yet!" And the uncivilized audience was moved to laughter!



WHY HE LIT HIS PIPE.



A lover of the pipe should never say die; but the *Standard* has put on record the case of a smoker who did say so, and said it in a singular way. He was one of the navvies wrecked in the ill-fated "Northfleet." The special correspondent of "our contemporary"—we use the time-honoured appellation as a compliment to the Shoe Lane giant—interviewed the man of the pick-axe, and sought to know what experiences the son of toil had met with in the jaws of death. This was the result—Navy *loquitor*: "When I saw what was up, I said, sez I, 'I'm agoin' to die, an', damn it, I may as well do it as comfortable as I can,' and so I lit my pipe." Now, I should not think it worth while to publish this in a tract, as an "Example to Dying Excavators;" but, with deference, I take leave to prefer even the strong language of the navvy to the fine moral philosophy of the special correspondent. "There was," says the S. C., "no high feeling in that man; but there was an infinite capacity for discipline. Fear did not overpower him in any degree. He thought a smoke, even in the face of death, still an object worth desiring." Bah! Mr. Special. "No high feeling," wasn't there? Would he have shown higher feeling if he had jumped into the boat and left the women to drown alone—as some of his fellows did? Would an outburst of maudlin cries for mercy, or frantic yells of fear, have entitled him to a testimonial for "high feeling" at your hands? Did you ever hear of the Stoics? or, hearing of them, did you set them down as men without "high feeling?" "Fear did not overpower him," you say. Well, is courage "even unto death" devoid of "high feeling?" In the face of danger, one man flies to the brandy-bottle, another to his knees, another to his pipe; and that plain man who, having no "high feeling," no store of good theological lore, and no turn for metaphysical satire, believing his end to be near and inevitable, resolved to die decently. Sir Walter Raleigh called for a

Apprentice sailors on foreign stations sell their letters from home for plugs of Tobacco. All travellers, whether by road, rail, or sea, should have a stock of Cope's.—ADVT.

pipe, and smoked it, as he went to the scaffold. The Indian warrior smokes his pipe at the stake, till the flames of his funeral pyre burn it and him together. Savages both! They've "no high feeling," quoth the special correspondent.

DANBURY SMOKES.



American humour is of many types—as various and diverse as Sam Slick and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Artemus Ward and Bret Harte, Colonel John Hay and Josh Billings, Orpheus C. Kerr and the author of "St. Abe and His Seven Wives," Mark Twain and the author of "The Biglow Papers." To string any two of these together, and mark them with the same label, would be an act of such gross injustice as only a well-intentioned blunderer could commit: the smallest grain of sense, or the least spice of knavery, would save him from the error. We must be content to judge "The Danbury News Man" by himself. One bilious reviewer on this side of the Atlantic has declared that the only extraordinary quality of the "News Man" is his faculty of exaggeration.

There is humour in the very title-page, where we are told that the book was "carefully compiled, with a pair of eight-dollar shears, by the compiler;" and in the assurance with which he closes his disclaimer of any lofty purpose in writing the book—"In fact, gentle borrower, I have not written a book at all—I have merely clipped it." We should vastly like to do likewise, for it is a volume of samples, of which no one is fairly represented by another. The experiences of Mr. Perkins in domestic life, his letters to the editor, and hundreds of items of Danbury news, tempt us sorely to use the scissors and paste. But we are pressed for space, and must follow the touching example thus related by the "News Man."



"A man who applied to one of our citizens for help for his destitute children, being asked what he needed, said he was not particular; 'If he couldn't get bread, he would take Tobacco.'"



Accustomed as we are to taking Tobacco, the quantity of weedy wisdom herein stored will do us no harm; and we rejoice to find a fellow-smoker in the Danbury sage.

Like all true lovers of Tobacco, he is sensible of the evil of his ways. We ourselves have tried our "prentice hand" on efforts of self-reproof; but we have never attained the eloquence of this thrilling outburst:—

"The terrible inroad Tobacco is making upon the human system is becoming more and more evident. In a recent article—a most graphic article it was—the writer tells of a young man who commenced to smoke, against the strong opposition of his friends, and in less than two years he was dead. This is sad, but not uncommon. We have noticed many similar instances. It is rarely a man lives three years after acquiring the habit of smoking, unless he should happen to forget when the three years are up. They go suddenly when they do go. We have seen a thousand men drop at once, and never breathe again. Their friends felt terribly about it, as they mostly fell on their cigar pockets, and smashed the contents. Any conductor of a train that includes a smoking-car can tell you all about it. He is a good share of the time receiving the last messages of dying men and trying on their boots."



If the "News Man" would always write in this strain, we should be glad to commend him to the notice of Mr. Reynolds and the Anti-Tobacco Society. They would find in him a powerful ally. But he has, apparently, a Mr. Reynolds of his own, and thus advises him:—

"A Mr. Trask wants to stop the use of Tobacco. He is trying to do it by writing tracts. The experiment is harmless, without doubt, but we can tell Mr. Trask on the start that he may write tracts till doomsday, but without a brave exercise of the will he can accomplish nothing. Let him firmly resolve that he will never touch the vile stuff again, and two-thirds of the cure is made."

Do you see, Mr. Reynolds? As the statesman said to the nuisance-monger—"Can't you let it alone?" If you be still impervious, read our next extract from this astonishing book, and rest awhile, in the assurance that the heavenly bodies are bestirring themselves to do your work for you:—

Folks are smart at having repeated cuts at our Navy. Why not be smarter and have a cut in at Cope's "Navy Cut?"—ADVT.

“AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.



“Dr. Trall, of Philadelphia, has made a very unpleasant discovery. In about seven years, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune will approach nearer the earth than they have been in eighteen hundred years, and the result will be a pestilence. When Congress has the manliness to make astronomy an indictable offence, then we shall have relief from these things, but not before. It was not along while since that some one predicted that the earth would be swamped with a deluge, and you couldn't borrow an umbrella or a pair of rubbers from any one. The next idiot said a comet would strike and demolish the earth in a twinkling. Whereupon many excellent people tied their beds and carpets about their premises, and put cotton in their ears, and sat down on the cellar bottom in dreadful expectation of the shock. Hardly had this alarm passed off when another astronomer came around telling people that the Niagara Falls would be dry in less than nineteen thousand years, and nothing would do but that people should hurry right out there for a farewell look, and in less than twenty-four hours there wasn't people enough in Danbury to entertain a Japanese hermit. And now here is Trall with four planets and no vaccine matter. All the Tobacco-chewers are to be killed by these planets, and young ladies who wear stays, and men who bet on the wrong horse. If we understand the old scoundrel correctly, the only people saved are those who drink lemonade out of a dipper and play Copenhagen with their aunts.”



Mr. Bailey is impressed with the dangers attendant upon the practice of tampering with Tobacco—either your own, or that which belongs to others. He gives two instances, thus:—

“An Elm Street boy smoked his first pipe on Saturday, and came home very sick. He didn't know what was the matter with him, but his mother did. She gave him two quarts of bone-set tea and put a quarter-yard of plaster on his breast, and some mustard drafts on his feet. Then she put him to bed, and darkened the room, and fed him on a new kind of balsam till Monday morning, when she allowed she had got the best of that typhus attack.”

“A Main Street boy, who was told he should try to cheer the aged, tried ‘three times three and a tiger,’ on his grandmother, Christmas morning, and the old lady was so startled that she spilled a box full of snuff on him. He looks upon the beauties of nature with his left eye now.”





Nor is he unaware of the advantages to be derived from a total abandonment of the weed, if we may judge from this case in illustration, which he has carefully recorded:—

“A Division Street man, who has chewed Tobacco thirty-eight years, has sworn off, and the change in him is remarkable. He has had his chin sand-papered, and his teeth kalsomined, and his delighted wife says it seems to her as if he had just tumbled out of heaven and through eleven solid miles of the whitest tea biscuit.”

For the benefit of those who are anxious to reform, and be even as the “Division Street man,” we reprint the following suggestive statement:—

“Tobacco chewers are now practising on gentian root for a cure. The remedy is certainly a cheap one. An ounce of this root costs only five cents, and by mixing a little Tobacco with it, it will last several weeks.”



We are surprised to find that anybody who reads the *Danbury News* should have the temerity to compete with the author of these paragraphs, even when they steal their witticisms from his own columns. It grieves us much that there are people professing to be—not only Christians, but—smokers, who are so deluded as to suppose they can palm-off upon us ancient Tobacco literature as their own brand-new compositions. In the hope that, if they have any tenderness of conscience, they are amenable to terror on the nicotined side of their nature, we beg them to peruse this warning from the “Danbury News Man,” and pause, ere repentance be too late:—

“We don’t like to have people copy jokes from the papers, and send them to us as their own. A man who will do this, will put cayenne pepper in his grandmother’s snuff, did he ever hear of any one else doing it, and borrow both the pepper and the grandmother to do it with.”

If, after this, we do not find our supplies of waste-paper falling off, we shall have as bad an opinion of the world as the unfortunate gentleman whose story shall be our final extract from the “Danbury News Man:”—

“The worst shocked man we have seen in some time was a citizen who made the discovery, Friday, that the neighbour from

Home Rule may be good or bad, but there can be no doubt that Cope’s “Union Mixture” is an easy first.—ADVT.

whom he had borrowed a paper for the past four years had not paid for it. He learned the facts from the agent of the publisher, and he was grieved. He was also indignant. He said to us:—"To think that I should have been so imposed upon at my time of life. I tell you a man don't know who to trust in these times. The world is full of corruption, and deceit, and devilry—chock full of it."

TO THE NORTH POLE.



Let us commence, indignantly, with an atrocious example of vulgar hostility to genius and enterprise:—

George Steed, described as a lawyer's clerk, surprised the worshippers at evening service in Hereford Cathedral, on Sunday, by entering with a red cap on his head, going straight to the altar, and declaring himself John the Baptist. He had been to the North Pole, he said, had smoked a pipe there, and returned to tell the people of Hereford what he had seen in Heaven. He has been lodged in a lunatic asylum.

I can fancy my reader rubbing bewildered eyes and ejaculating with Truthful James: "Do I sleep? Do I dream? Do I wonder and doubt? Are things what they seem? Or is visions about?"—Have I read this in some prenatal existence? or of old in Rollin's Ancient History? or in some more recent translation from Egyptian obelisk, or the Moabite stone, or the Chaldean clay-tablets?" Good reader, it *is* antique; it is taken from a journal, or, rather, a nocturnal, of Tuesday, October 7, [1879.] The uncharitable are free to think that I mislaid or overlooked it; the more charitable and intelligent will readily conceive that I carefully abstained from calling the whole world's attention to it until I had warned my beloved colleagues, Pipesbank and Didimus Goggs and Dr. Gordon Stables (who is even now travelling, through these pages, toward Dauvid and the Pole), to "perambulate their calcareous strata" and put themselves promptly into secure hiding-places; and until I had, further, received assurances from them that they were all and severally as safe from discovery as the authentic source of a *D. T.* foreign telegram or the *Libertas* in Dizzy's *Imperium*. For no doubt they, with their eye-witness pictures and





veracious histories, sent this enthusiast to the North Pole, and incited him to smoke a pipe there, and so, indirectly, brought him to the asylum; and if they could be apprehended, I am sorely afeared that they would be committed to the like martyrdom of over-daring genius, and I should be left like the last rose of summer (I may modestly say, *very* like the last rose of summer) on the bereaved *Plant*, all my lovely companions faded and gone—a Man-of-all-Work in saddest sooth. I have sometimes wondered whether that poor victim of an unappreciative world was one with the unfortunate Anti so pathetically depicted by Master Pipeshank, the Anti whom the great explorer Goggs left nailed by the coat tails to the stump of the Pole; who may have managed to wrench himself free, have found pipe and 'Bacco and lights left there by some of the jubilantly careless excursion party, have smoked fiercely in his first delirious excitement; and have then come home, unlike the sheep, leaving his tails behind him, with the message delivered at the altar of Hereford Cathedral.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

I turn for solace to the contemplation of a genius perhaps even more sublime, certainly more fortunate. The British Constitution is not, as a rule, favourable to poets and poetry: though rather favourable just now. Thus, the author of the Revolutionary Epic is Prime Minister; but he long since, in his own brave words, "cast his lyre (mind the spelling) to Limbo." Likewise that noble bard, Lord John Manners, is Postmaster-General; but though laws and learning, arts and commerce die—especially the laws and the commerce—he no longer sings, as of yore, "Let them." Likewise, that other noble bard, Lord Lytton, having shown such a daring genius in the "conveyance" and devastation of others' domains on Parnassus (let HEINE, for one, bear witness), has been very properly sent to "convey" and devastate Afghanistan, the Indian Famine Fund, the

The times are moving. One can whistle on Sundays without visions of Sheol before one's eyes. Cope's "Bright Virginia" will make any day pleasanter.—ADVT.

Liberty of the Press, and the Lord (B.) only knows what else. Solomonian Tupper, too, has a pension on the Civil List; but that of the even more worthy Poet Close has been pitilessly burked. However, the *Dispatch* has magnanimously come to the aid of the needy sons of Apollo, giving weekly (again mind the spelling), for the best composition on a set theme, a prize of Two Guineas; being considerably more in a single week than 9990 of our upper 10,000 of poets are likely to earn elsewhere by poetry in their whole unnatural lives. How splendidly this munificence is vindicated by the results, what glorious poetic genius has been lying latent awaiting this plenipotent evocation, the following, from the issue of December 14, abundantly and superabundantly proves:—

“The Prize of Two Guineas for the best collection of Three Mottoes for Christmas Crackers has been awarded to Mr. Percy R. Freer, 10, Clermont Terrace, Preston, Brighton, for the following:—

“False symbol of love is this, for here we plainly see
By pulling well together sep'ration there must be; [sea,
But when we both are launched, love, on this life's storm-tossed
By pulling well together, united we shall be.

“Think'st thou, dear one, the crack we heard did issue from this toy?
'Twas the bursting of his bowstring which Cupid, that arch boy,
Had strained as ne'er before he'd done, determined in his mind
This heart should feel his keenest blow, firmer our loves to bind.

“If the girl that I love will love me in return, to please her I'll give
up my 'Baccar;
And I swear, by my soul, that to her I'll be true, nor tell her a
cracker, nor whack her;
But if ever she's false to the oath that she takes, as a hermit I'll
wear a *coarse sack*,*
And when wheedling around me some day she doth come, why,
I swear that I'll not take her back.

We enshrine the bard's name with his stanzas in our imperishable columns, as at once earnest and fulfilment of immortality. Two guineas for twelve lines, 3s. 6d. per line; certainly pretty good, as things now go; but then *such* lines! they are dog, or, rather, doggrel cheap at the money. Let Browning and Tennyson and Rossetti and Meredith and Morris and Swinburne, and any

* Crackers are also known as COSAQUES.”





half-dozen more, all lay their heads together, and I defy them to lay such a dozen lines as these. Yet I am profoundly grieved by the crowning third of these mottoes.

Ardently wishing so inspired a poet success in his love, so that there shall be no "sep'ration;" fervently hoping that he will be true and guiltless of wife-beating (which, I take it, is meant by "*whack her*"), and never like a hermit, wear a coarse sack—he whose only sack should be the rich old butt of the laureate; I yet quail at the tremendous sacrifice vowed for all this, "I'll give up my 'Baccers." O, Percy Freer, don't! for you will thus give up also this backer, who knows that your sweet piping would cease with your smoking; that your inspiration would no more breathe; that your genius would fade away with the morning and evening cloud, all fade away with the lager beer, away in die Ewigkeit—that very Eternity in which, instead of fading away, such a genius should triumphantly shine!

THE TOBACCO DEALER'S DREAM.



Pass we to another leaf-dealer; not in the leaves of the bitter laurel sacred from the lightning, but the leaves of the sweet Tobacco, yet more sacred to it. Thus reports the *Tobacco Reporter*:—

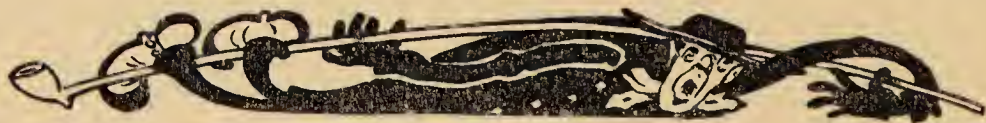
Mr. Reppke, a dealer in leaf Tobacco, had fallen asleep, and beginning to dream, spoke aloud of certain qualities of his Tobaccos. His wife overheard his broken sentences, and imagining them to refer to a lady, upbraided Mr. Reppke next morning in the following manner:—

"Now, Mr. Reppke, let me tell you that you are found out; let me say to you that you are a libertine, and that you have wilfully broken your marriage vows, and that I will and shall procure a divorce. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Reppke, for deceiving me in that manner,—oh, none of your excuses,—I know all. What have you done? I'll tell you what you've done. Answer me, Mr. Reppke: Who is that person you spoke of in your dream last night? Who is that person you spoke of as having 'a fine body'? Who is that jade you dared to call 'tender'? Who is that wretch with the 'beautiful colour,' and whom do you mean by 'old

Snuffin' is gud; Chewin' is better; but Smokin' is the Divinest thing as is. Espeshully w'en it's Cope's manufacture.—ADVT.

stock you want to get rid of,' eh? Oh, you villain! whom did you think of when you said: 'The old is too tough, but the new I pay all attention to'? Don't say a word, Mr. Reppke, or I may forget that I am a woman. That is the kind of a man you are, eh? The 'old is green, and not worth looking at,' you said too. Very good, Mr. Reppke; I am not so old, and not so green as you think, and others, perhaps, will consider me worth looking at when I get rid of you, you grey-headed reprobate. And may I ask you how much 'more money there is in the new than in the old,' and why you are going to 'bring out the new before September'? Oh, you are sly, Mr. Reppke; you are deep; first get rid of me, and then make the 'new match public'; that's your game, Mr. Reppke! And 'nice to handle,' and as 'fine as silk,' and 'no white veins,' she has, and your love 'burns glorious,' and she is a 'pleasure to look at and touch,' and—and—and 'finely developed' you said she was, too. Oh,—oh,—. [Mrs. Reppke faints.]”

That leaf-dealer had more poetry in his soul than many a dealer in book-leaves. So has the gentleman who, advertising a new Tobacco, or at least a Tobacco with a new name, in a New York journal, briefly but sufficiently describes it thus:—"It is like your first love—fresh, genial, and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the cravings of your soul." Being so exquisite, to what extent should it be taken? Perhaps one could not do better than apply the rules, so far as they go, laid down on another subject by "the genial and ingenious" author of "A Yachtsman's Holiday;" who, according to the *Bailie* of Glasgow, gives the following judicious directions for the use of that "valuable therapeutic agent," whisky. "It is difficult," he says, "to lay down absolute rules"; but, he continues, the "agent" may be taken with advantage "about noon," "before dinner," "during dinner," "after dinner," "between meals," "at the evening chat," and as a "nightcap." These directions are moderate and practical, and will very well suit that yet more valuable therapeutic agent, the Weed; except that we might remit the "during dinner" in favour of an "after breakfast." But, like the Yachtsman, I would lay down no absolute rule beyond that first and great commandment, *Do as you please*, of our noble master RABELAIS, in whose name and to whose glory a club has just been started in London for the cultivation of Pantagrulism.





This was the first and last rule of Friar John's Paradisiac Abbey of Thelemè, afterwards adopted by the gentle Jamie Thomson for his Castle of Indolence; and the Abbey reminds us of another, and of one of the earliest frescoes of Maclise, whereof we read in the *London Figaro*, of December 14:—

“He called it ‘Chivalry,’ and it was purchased by Mr. Birch, and formed a portion of his famous collection at Metchley Abbey, Harborne. The figures in the fresco were life-size; and it was placed on the ground, at the one end of the dining-room, facing the sideboard, over which was hung Constable's large canvas of the opening of London Bridge. We remember dining at Metchley Abbey soon after the fresco was placed there; and when David Cox, who was one of the party, was offered his customary long clay pipe for a smoke after dinner, the Water-colour King demurred to ‘blow a cloud,’ for fear he should injure the fresco. His host considered that it might improve the tone of the fresco: so, after some persuasion, old David Cox enjoyed his pipe.”

SMOKING IN THE DARK.



Last month, in rebuking a disrespectful Academician, I said that the blackness of a pipe is as the varnish completing a beautiful picture; and now you see that a famous collector thought the smoke of a pipe might improve the tone, not simply of the smoker's stomach and temper, but likewise of a chivalrous fresco; he was an excellent Birch for flogging an Anti. But speaking of pictures, what do you say of these two, exhibited by a New York journal:—

“1. Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking. ‘You terrible thing’! she hissed. ‘This is only corn-silk,’ murmured the boy, penitently. ‘I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers.’—2. It is evening. Miss Murray is sitting on the front step with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honey-suckle and syringa are wafting bliss to their already intoxicated souls. ‘Would little bird object to me smoking a cigarette?’ ‘Not at all,’ replied Miss Murray. ‘I like cigarettes; they are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just

All the best shots at Bisley have a keen eye and a firm nerve. Cope's “Rifle Cake” is a favourite brand.—ADVT.

too delicious for anything. 'Then I'll light one.' 'Do and blow some of the smoke in my face: it is so soothing and dreamingly paradisiac.' Then he lights a cigarette, and they talk about the weather for two hours and a half."

If in this "soothing and dreamingly paradisiac" condition this young lady shut her eyes, was she still conscious of the fragrance of the still fuming cigarette? I think very few, or none, of my readers will answer otherwise than, Of course she was. Yet the question, already noticed in these columns (November, 1879), which has run the gauntlet of discussion through so many American and English papers, including our learned friend the *Lancet*, Why cannot the smoker himself, if in the dark, taste his smoke? is still regarded as an open one even by some smokers. Your Man-of-All-Work has hinted his humble opinion that it is as effectually closed by experiment as was that other famous question with which Charles II. is said to have long puzzled the infantine Royal Society: How is it that a bowl (not full) of water with a fish in it weighs no more than with the fish out of it? Thus an intelligent smoking correspondent, "G.S.," writes us:—

"In more than one of the papers it was stated as a fact that *blind* men never smoke. Now, my observation, in at least two instances, disproves that assertion. A blind Scripture reader, who, with fearful and wonderful nasal twang, bellows forth the 'sacred story,' on City Road Bridge, London, invariably indulges in a pipe when his day's work is over; and many a time have I met him on his homeward journey, puffing away with an air of intense philosophical enjoyment.

"The other case is that of a blind fiddler, a very clever musician. Possibly his sense of taste is not very keen, as I have frequently noticed him insert his finger in the bowl of his pipe to ascertain if the Tobacco were alight.

"Beyond doubt, smoking in the dark is a poor thing. When passing through a tunnel in a carriage without a lamp, I have frequently been quite at a loss to know whether my pipe or cigar had 'gone out,' and could only ascertain by observing the glow of the burning weed. The presence or absence of smoke in the mouth made no appreciable difference."

Now, we can accept our correspondent's observation and experience without necessarily accepting his inferences. It is by no means certain that the blind fiddler puts his



finger into the bowl to feel whether his pipe is alight ; many who are not blind have the same habit, feeling really whether the ash and Tobacco are properly settled in the bowl, being thoroughly aware that the Tobacco is alight : this habit has given rise to the invention of Tobacco-stoppers. Then, as to G.S.'s own experience, there are more remarks in modification to be made. 1: His taste may be, as he supposes the musician's, not very keen. 2: When he arrives in the dark tunnel his tasting and smelling nerves are already impregnated with the Tobacco-incense, and the mere continuance gives no new sensation : Let him *begin* his pipe or cigar with his eyes shut, and keep them shut for a time, and prove whether he does not clearly know then whether it is burning or not. 3: Though, being habituated to smoke with the accompaniment of sight, he may for a short time be doubtful in the dark whether his pipe is alight. I do not think he could thus doubt if used to smoking in the dark, as is the case with the blind men ; and even as he is, without such use, I think that he would very quickly be sure it was out when it was out.



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